CHEFS D'ŒUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
CHAMPIER
GEORGE BARRIE & SON
PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA
1900
O. Guillaumet

CHEFS D'ŒUVRE

OF THE

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE

1900

EDITION

ON

WHATMAN DRAWING PAPER

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Statuette of Various Chiselled Metals

ETCHED IN THREE PLATES BY CHARLES-R. THEVENIN

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900

THE

CHEFS D'ŒUVRE

ART AND ARCHITECTURE
BY
W. WALTON

APPLIED ART
BY
V. CHAMPIER

CENTENNIAL AND RETROSPECTIVE
BY
A. SAGLIO

VOLUME V

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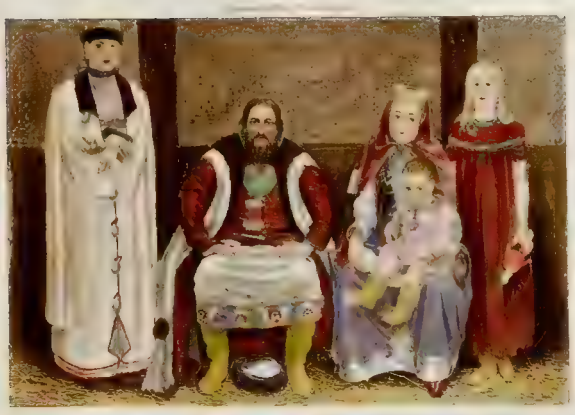


THE ART OF RUSSIA, POLAND, AND FINLAND

In a couple of articles contributed, in 1898, to a Russian review, the title of which may be translated as *Philosophical and Psychological Questions*, Léo Tolstoï has undertaken to define, once for all, the great question as to what is Art. His definition does not lack for either simplicity or boldness, and is characterized by that peculiarly introverted reasoning which vitiates so much of the teachings of this prophet who leads with equal assurance his followers into the light and into the ditch. His doctrine of simplification serves here as elsewhere; as in social things, he advocates rather that the more fortunately endowed shall share

of their abundance with the poor of the earth, and thus reduce all to an humbler level, than that endeavor shall be made to elevate the whole mass of humanity to the highest point yet attained by the most favored. For the intellectual enjoyments, as for the material, he does not care to bring his humble capacities up to the keenest appreciations, but rather to recognize as only worthy and truly artistic those pleasures which are adapted to their limited perceptions. "To say of a work of art that it is good, and at the same time to assert that it is above the level of the masses, that is to say that a food is excellent, but that man cannot eat it." We have found this doctrine before, in our review of some of the tendencies of the contemporary art of the day, in other countries. The apostle of Yasnïa Poliana does not hesitate to carry it to its logical end;—we are in the habit of accepting as works of art productions that have in them nothing in common with true art, as—an example which he cites—the *Siegfried* of Wagner, which drove him from the opera-house "with such a feeling of disgust that he has not yet recovered from it." This false estimation which we place upon these so-called masterpieces of art is caused, in relation to those of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, by that enthusiasm blown up in us by the critics and the pedants, those hypocrites of art, glorifying through the centuries these worthless chefs-d'œuvre, "these gross, barbaric, and frequently senseless productions of the ancient Greeks,—Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, and, above all, Aristophanes; or of the moderns,—Dante, Tasso, Milton, Shakespeare." True art, real art, not only does not seek beauty, but is opposed to it;—hence this definition of the Greeks: "A half-barbaric people who lived some two thousand years ago, who held slaves, and who were skilful in rendering the nude and in erecting buildings that were agreeable to the sight." As the schools of art cannot, in the nature of things, instruct in the method of communicating personal emotions, of provoking an artistic emotion, and still less in what the very nature and sense of art consists, they can only teach a method of rendering the emotions which have

been experienced by other artists, and in the same manner in which they have already expressed them. Hence, the *Faust* of Goethe cannot produce an artistic emotion, because it is, above all, a work in which all the emotions have been borrowed from others. But, escaping from these confusions, he proceeds to draw a glowing picture of the true mission of modern art, "conducted by Religion and supported by Science," in embellishing and uplifting the life of man, in establishing, in place of the reign of violence, the reign of God, "that is to say, of Love, which is for us the supreme aim of the life of humanity."

It can scarcely be said that the art of his native country, so far, at least, is either bound by these limitations or rises to these noble missions. Much of it has developed under the influence of an intelligent pessimism; "the sorrow of created things" has touched writers, painters, and sculptors. The authors, peculiarly, are filled with the flavor of their native soil, with the sympathy with their own race: the painters hesitate between the rude but sincere expression of the personal and national note and a more or less complete adoption of foreign methods. Most of them have gone abroad to study, and many have fallen completely under the sway of alien and more cultured influences. Naturally, in the earlier days of this contemporary school, the number of those thus denationalized was more considerable than at present; the course of development of Russian painting in the nineteenth century may be said to have been from servile borrowing of the foreign to a national and barbaric originality, strong, and quite wanting in the discipline of taste, and from this, again, to a higher and more cultured manifestation in which, in individual cases, the national spirit still makes itself felt. The modern tendency to cosmopolitism in art is apparent in Russia as elsewhere; but there are three or four names known to Western Europe which are accepted as peculiarly representative of the art of the great empire of the Tzars.

Of these, the most widely known, but not the most representative, is that of Verestchagin, or Veretchaguine; much more valuable from

both an historical and artistic point of view are the works of Répin and Wasnetzoff, or Wasnezov. Répin is considered to have been the first to act on an impulse of romanticism, to break away from the artificialities and conventionalities and theatrical properties considered as indispensable in the art of his early days. The work by which he is most widely known abroad is his tremendous canvas of the Saporog Cossacks returning a defiant answer to the threatening missive of the Sultan Mahmoud IV, and exploding in every variety of colossal laughter around the scribe who indites it. In Russia, his masterpiece is considered to be either the *Murder of his Son by Ivan the Terrible*, or the *Burlaki* of 1873, the latter an appallingly realistic rendering of the brutalized towers of boats on the Volga, straining at their breast-ropes in the blazing

sunlight, sordid, hopeless, and debased. At the exhibition of 1885, it is said, the *Ivan the Terrible* produced such an impression that ladies fainted before it,—as indeed they well might, the murderous Tzar crouching on the floor, spattered with blood and distorted with horror and remorse as he clutches to his breast his dying son.

The qualities and the defects of this artist are very justly set forth in a recent article by M. Alexandre Benois on the contemporary art of Russia. "Répin is, undoubtedly, an artist of an eminent talent, and if this talent had developed under other conditions, perhaps he would have given to the annalists another Frans Hals. For Répin, the technical difficulties of his profession do not exist,—his design is powerful, his color vivid and true, his handling energetic even to the point of audacity; and yet, when all is taken into account, he is lacking in style, without which no one can be a master. His fault consists in never knowing what he should do, or, more exactly, of being ignorant as to how his superiority over others should manifest itself. He scatters his talent, displays his agility, is anxious, above all, 'to follow the movement,' rather than to simply employ his so abundant gifts in rendering nature and life; for he is, above all, a pure realist; he excels in the representation of the visible and the tangible; . . . before certain of his portraits, of his studies, the vigor of the presentation recalls the illustrious Dutchman whom we have named. How much it is to be regretted that an artist so well endowed should be the sport of his own impressionability, and that he should be found less sensitive to the beauties of nature than to the doings of the society which surrounds him! Sometimes he betakes himself to satire, sometimes he returns to the drama in order to impress the spectator even to tears; at other periods, years are employed in brushing in some religious or historical theme,—not that he possesses the qualities necessary to succeed in historic genre, but he is of the same opinion as the Academy, that celebrity is to be acquired by *la grande peinture* alone. You are filled with a sentiment of melancholy in recalling his works,—some ten

admirable portraits, two or three paintings directly inspired by daily life (perhaps the most significative is a youthful work, *The Boat-Towers*), and that is all. No one would wish to deny his activity, nor his abundance of invention, and yet, all the same, the uncertainty, the feebleness, of his will, forbid his being considered as the chief of a school; it might be said of him rather that he was a representative of Russian society tormented by various and obscure aspirations. If he had more initiative, if he made an effort to put himself at the head of this society in its progress toward the light, then only would he have the right to aspire to the position held in letters by the Tolstoïs and the Dostoïevskis."

M. Benois's preference for Répin's portraits over his more sensational canvases is shared by other appreciators of his talent;—among these portraits are two or three of Tolstoï: in one, he is seated in his bare room, writing at his table, and in the other, striding along in a bare landscape between two gray horses, the foremost pulling a plough, and the hindmost, a harrow. In the Paris Exposition, Répin is represented only by three portraits,—in which his vigorous technique will probably appear to many of the more timid as mere brutal painting. Of the work of Victor Wasnetzoff, a much more complete presentation is made, the seven canvases indicating the various fields in which his versatile genius travels, the legendary and historical, the religious and decorative, the purely fantastic and imaginary, and landscape. In his great mural paintings in the church of Saint Wladimir, in Kief, this artist is considered to have revived and restored the religious art of Russia, to have brought it back to its true aims, and in preserving the traditions of the severe Byzantine art in the ancient Russian icons and the profound mysticism of the ancient beliefs. The artistic quality of these paintings varies so much in different works, that it is difficult to generalize; one of the best is his fresco of the Eternal Father, seated, with a fine gesture of "resting" from the labor of his hands, surrounded by adoring cherubim, probably one of the nearest approaches to a suggestion of this impossible

BASILE POLENOV

JESUS AMONG THE RABBIS

ETCHED BY EUGENE DECISY

JESUS AMONG THE RABBIS

theme in painting. In this truly fine work the painter's invariable habit of dilating the eyes, exaggerating the white of the eyeball, contributes greatly to the expression of terror in the faces of the adoring figures. Very fine, also, is the large fresco of the six fathers of the Russian Church, standing straight and motionless in their monks' robes or their priestly vestments, all with the same intentness of gaze, while behind them rise symmetrically the three gilded domes of the cathedral of the Archangel Michael of Moscow, dominating the churches of Kief and of Novgorod,—the three great religious centres of Russia. But despite his occasional power of invention and design, and his nearly constant good color, the religious art of this painter cannot be said to be very mystical or very profound.

Saint Wladimir, to whom the church of Kief is dedicated, was the Clovis of the Russians;—originally a pagan and barbaric prince, cruel and debauched, he adopted the religion of his grandmother, Olga, was baptized at the Chersonesus, in the Crimea, and returned as an apostle to Kief, where he destroyed the idols, built churches, and baptized his people by the wholesale. Olga, whose figure appears in a panel of the triptych from this church at the Exposition, painted against a gold background, was the wife of the prince Igor, in 903, originally a boatwoman, and of great beauty. She was the first of the royal family to receive baptism, but, notwithstanding her change of faith, remained cruel and vindictive. She caused to be buried alive and burned in a bath-house the murderers of her husband; and when their people sued for peace, granted it to them on payment of a tribute of three pigeons and three sparrows from each household. Then, to each of these she attached a thread of sulphur enveloped in linen, and when released they returned to carry conflagration among the wooden dwellings of their friends. Nevertheless, she is honored as the precursor of Christianity in Russia, "as the dawn is the precursor of the sun," in the words of the old chronicler. The French Baron de Baye, who has travelled extensively in Russia, and is one of

the most fervent admirers of this painter, thus describes his panel of this saint:

"Wasnetzoff has represented Olga, become a Christian, at the age of about forty. This painting is a veritable historic picture. In the countenance, the features reveal a beauty which time has emphasized without destroying; the virile and forceful character of the barbaric woman is here by the side of the majesty of the princess and the faith of the saint. In her left hand, Olga carries the model of the wooden church which she erected at Vichgorod, and with the other she presents the cross. 'Behold the emblem of faith,' she seems to say, 'if you do not accept it, I will strike you with it.' In her costume, we may perceive all the Byzantine richness represented with an admirable color and exactitude in the details. Wasnetzoff excels in the rendering of those tissues of gold which in Russia are called *partcha;* he knows how to make the metals and precious stones glitter in his painting. This figure of the saint is very interesting from this point of view." The countenance is, however, of the conventionalized type which the artist uses for all his ideal religious figures. In his easel paintings, he does not hamper himself with such arbitrary regulations,—as in his picture at the Exposition illustrating some story, *Alenouchka*, a young girl, in deep trouble, seated on the edge of a pond; or in the *Gamaioun*, a bird of augury, with the head of a girl and otherwise very queer, perched on the branch of a dead tree. His landscape, a solitary sheet of water, is effective and good in color and tone. But it is in the large canvases representing scenes in the historical legends of Russia that he excels, sober and effective in design and color, well conceived and well rendered, as in the two large ones at the Exposition,—the first representing a combat with the Scythians on the steppes, and concerning the second of which Baron de Baye gives us this information:

"Wasnetzoff has devoted a very large canvas, dated 1881, to a *byline* of the cycle of Wladimir. The bylines are epic, popular songs, cantilenas

transmitted from father to son, and constituting, so to speak, the history of a people, by themselves.

"The picture in question represents *Ilia*, the hero of Mourom, at the age when one can scarcely

"'. . . uproot an oak
To sustain his trembling steps.'

"He is on horseback, covered with armor; he has stopped in the midst of a steppe with a limitless horizon, the soil of which is strewn with bones whitened by time and scattered amongst the dry grasses. Evening has come, and the birds of darkness fly erratically under the calm sky, in the uncertain light of the early twilight. The silence of death reigns in this immense solitude.

"Ilia, interrupting his course, sits motionless and thoughtful at the opening of three paths, before a rock covered with moss, on which he reads this prophetic inscription:

"'If you take the road to the right, you will become rich; if you take the road in the middle, you will be married; if you take the road to the left, you will be killed.'

"What decision was taken by the old hero? The picture does not indicate, but the byline informs us, and I ask your permission to relate it to you.

"The old Cossack, after having read, reflected, and came to this just conclusion, that, at his age, he had no need of enriching himself, still less of marrying. It would be more seemly to take the road on which one would be killed. At the expiration of three hours, he fell upon a troop of brigands and dispersed them. He then returned upon his steps, and wrote upon the rock: 'I went to the left, and I was not killed.'

"Taking the middle road, he presently arrived at a magnificent residence.

"A king's daughter, of a bedazzling beauty, issued to meet him, and embraced the old champion. She provided for him a sumptuous feast, and then led him into her chamber. There was in it a bed of silk and of down; I do not know why, but it seemed suspicious to the bogatyr. He refused to lie down the first, saying that in his country it was the custom for the women to lie underneath. He then took the princess by her silken girdle and threw her upon the bed, which immediately sank under her, and the enchantress was precipitated into the dungeons of the palace. Ilia hastened to the door of the dungeons, kicked it in, and restored to liberty forty tzars or sons of tzars and forty kings or sons of kings who were imprisoned there. As to the traitress, he had her drawn and quartered. He returned once more to the parting of the ways, and wrote on the stone: 'I went to the middle, and I was not married.'

"By the third road he arrived at an iron cross, which marked the site of a hidden treasure. Of this treasure, he made three portions, and with them erected three churches,—one to the compassionate Saviour, the second to Saint Nicolas of Mojaïsk, the third to Saint George the hero. He was then justified in writing upon the rock: 'I went to the right, and I have not become rich.'

"Thus it was that Ilia of Mouroṃ triumphed thrice over Destiny."

VICTOR WASNETZOFF

ILIA, THE HERO OF MOUROM

PHOTOGRAVURE

ILIA, THE HERO OF MOLTROY

It is claimed for this painter that his development has been a strictly national one, entirely uninfluenced by any foreign traditions, unless it might have been the elementary academic principles which he received in his youth at the Saint Petersburg Academy of the Fine Arts. Of a different calibre is Verestchagin, who has been defined as "an apostle of peace tinged with Nihilism," and as continuing the work commenced by Tolstoï's *War and Peace*, and who is entitled to an honorable place in Russian art notwithstanding his showman's methods of advertising himself and the frequently crude and melodramatic rendering of his themes. In the painting of military subjects, he introduced a startling innovation; the battle-pieces of the Russian painters previous to his appearance being—with the exception of Orlovsky's—spiritless copies of those of Horace Vernet, or the productions of tedious conventionalities. The intimate, personal and dramatic presentation of these episodes is a strictly modern phase of art; and to this Verestchagin added a frank determination to present with most unconventional vividness the horrors of war. As a soldier himself, and an indefatigable traveller, his opportunities for acquiring materials for his pictures have been unsurpassed; he has sometimes been accused of being wilfully inaccurate in his historical details, and, very frequently, of being uninteresting in his technique,—harsh and thin, spectacular, and addicted to the methods of the scene-painter. His activity and industry have been so prodigious, that it is not remarkable that in the multitude of his immense canvases there should be many that are disappointing. Unrepresented at the Exposition, he has exhibited, in this summer of 1900, in the Georges Petit Gallery, a series of paintings, said to be the work of ten years, a realistic rendering of one of the last great passages in the Napoleonic epoch, the retreat from Moscow. In sixteen canvases are presented various incidents in this tragedy, from the Emperor's first sight of the doomed capital to the terrible march backward over the snowy plains,—the whole from studies made on the spot and with every facility offered by General Kuropatkin,

Russian Minister of War, to inspect the French uniforms in the military museum of Saint Petersburg, where they have been preserved since 1812. Among many other records of the painter's travels, from the United States to the Himalayas, was one of the latter, the studies for which were made at the height of fifteen thousand feet, when abandoned by his coolies in the snow. In the comparatively restricted number of painters who thus explore the waste places of the earth at their own risk and peril in order that our stock of knowledge may be augmented, Verestchagin certainly holds the foremost place.

In sculpture, the most prominent name by far has long been that of Mark Antokolsky ("too long," according to some of the latest commentators). The son of poor Jewish parents, he has succeeded in overcoming not only the religious prejudices of his own race, but also the innumerable obstacles in the path of any sculptor in Russia, where the religious and ethnological conditions are unfavorable. The orthodox Greek Church has always been opposed to the sculptural reproduction of the human figure in the churches and monasteries; in the eighth century it was expressly forbidden to represent the Virgin or the saints in this manner, while no such interdiction was placed upon their representation in painting or mosaic. The severity of the climate and the nature of the materials generally used in architecture—wood and bricks—are also not conducive to the production of works of sculpture. "It is barely fifty years ago that the Russians began to ornament their sacred buildings with marble and stone figures, and to erect statues in their cities. At the commencement of the present century, there were so few sculptors of any talent in Russia, that, in order to execute the groups, statues, and high-reliefs in bronze, of the church of Saint Isaac, it was necessary to apply to foreigners,—Lemaire, Vitali, Bouilli, and Salemann. Only two Russians, Klodt and Laganowsky, were employed." Antokolsky himself has given an interesting sketch of the difficulties attending the education of a young artist at the period when he was prosecuting his first studies

in the art school of the Academy of Saint Petersburg: "We students knew only of Winckelman, Flaxman, Overbeck; we were enthusiastic over Kaulbach, we admired Knaus and Vautier. As to French art, our knowledge was only from hearsay; we were told it was *chic*. One day we became acquainted with this *chic* through engravings and photographs. Great heavens, what a discovery! We went mad over those photographs. We bowed down before Gérôme and Meissonier, and especially

before Delaroche, whose dramatic power made a deep impression upon us. There was not a man among us who did not spend his last kopek on a photograph, no matter how small, on which he gazed far into the night, communicating his impressions to the others the next morning with the eagerness of youth. Without exaggeration, it was a revelation to us. Some time afterward, a collection of paintings by the French masters of the day was presented to the Academy by a well-known art patron; the room in which they were exhibited became our meeting place. It was only then that we could look upon the originals of the works we had worshipped in the poorest of reproductions."

Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the young sculptor succeeded in securing the attention of the public and the favor of the great with his first important work, Ivan the Terrible receiving the message of a bearer of ill tidings, whose right foot he has pinned to the ground with his heavy sharp-pointed staff. The Emperor purchased the group, which is still considered Antokolsky's masterpiece, and had it placed in the museum of the Hermitage in Saint Petersburg. He also bestowed upon the sculptor the title of Academician,—a great mark of favor, considering the position of the Jews in Russia in the last reign. Antokolsky spent many years in Italy, and went to Paris about 1875, where, later, he took offence at the action of the Champ-de-Mars jury, and declined to exhibit in either of the Salons afterward. Soon after the severance of relations with the Champs-Elysées Salon, he was invited by the new society to contribute, but out of the collection of his most important works which he sent in, only two—and those the most insignificant—were accepted. He has since resided in Paris, and, a few years ago, exhibited in his studio some twenty-three of his works, many of the most important of which appear in the same number of his exhibits in the Russian section of the Exposition. Among these are the life-size, or larger, figures of Peter the Great, and of three or four other Tzars, ancient and modern, most of them with the conventional small heads of heroic statuary; the seated, nude figure of Satan, his chin on his hands; another seated, meditative figure, that of Spinoza,—one of his best works; a dying Socrates in his chair, and a number of heads, of which the best are the portrait busts of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Grand Duke Nicolas, and a graceful head of an Undine, or nymph. For this exhibit he has been awarded a Grand Prix. His imaginative or decorative figures are academic and conventional; "imitations of the French, or, rather, of the Italians;" the work of "a belated disciple of Delaroche," says M. Benois,—though the tie between him and the latter artist is not very clear.

MICHEL NESTEROV

THE LEGEND OF SAINT SERGE

PHOTOGRAVURE

THE LEGEND OF SAINT SERGE

Fortunately, Russian sculpture has evidence of fresher blood than this to show, and two more of these artists have each received a Grand Prix,—Prince Paul Troubetzkoï and Ville Vallgren. The little bronzes of the former, frequently left unfinished, are among the most spirited and characteristic in modern art, portrait statuettes, charming little feminine figures, figures with animals, and studies of the animals themselves. That this breath of life and sculptural style are not dependent upon the reduced scale is evident from his life-size group of a seated mother and child here shown. Long resident in Milan, this sculptor has succeeded in combining the fertility of invention and vivacity of the Italian marble-cutters with the style, the finish, and the reticence of the best modern schools. Almost equally admirable are the bronzes of Vallgren, quite modern—in the best sense of the word; in one of the best, a very little *Consolation*, the sculptor has taken the same theme as that of Rodin's famous *Baiser*, but treated it with a spontaneity, a naturalness and truthfulness, and total absence of affectation, that offer a strong contrast to the more pretentious work. Nor are these all,—it would seem that in this department of bronze statuettes the art of Russia found its happiest expression, so numerous are the brilliant little examples congregated in this southern end of the great central court, or *nef*, of the Grand Palais. Léopold Bernstamm, a pupil of Mercié and the Saint Petersburg Academy, exhibits twenty works, in marble and bronze, mostly portraits, and has received a medal of gold,—in his reproductions of the characteristic traits of various contemporary Parisian celebrities, artists, writers, politicians, and actors, it is very difficult to choose the most admirable. From Li-Hung-Chang to Gérôme painting his little dancing figure, the sculptor seems to be able to seize and to render with the greatest ease the very various salient traits of his sitters. More of these bronzes, full of the expression of life, may be found among the works of Elias Ginzbourg, who, in addition to his portrait busts and statuettes, presents some four or five studies of small boys, nude or draped, drolly true to nature. This

artist has also received a gold medal. Of the Finnish sculptors, one of the most distinguished, Emil Wikstroem, works in other methods; his most important production is probably the sculpture for the pediment of the palace of the Diet at Helsingfors, life-size figures in modern costume, but the natural bent of his mind seems to be rather toward the smaller and more intimate works in which he can secure greater freedom of expression, —as in the spirited little bronze of *The Defence*, or the grotesque mediæval version, in carved and tinted wood, of the *Deliver Us from Evil*.

Before the commencement of the eighteenth century, Russian art, like Russian civilization, was semi-Byzantine or barbaric. That of Western Europe was brought in first by Peter the Great, who summoned foreign artists to his court as he did foreign workmen; and mingled with the multitude of the former, mostly French, attracted hither by the ostentation of the court and the aristocracy and the multitude of commissions, there began to appear native painters of talent. Among the first of these, the first notable painter of the Russian empire, was Levitzky, still considered by his countrymen as one of the best portraitists of the eighteenth century. Contemporary with him, or a little later, were Rokstov and his pupil Borovikovsky. The founding of the Hermitage, now one of

the finest picture-galleries in Europe, was the work of the great Empress Catherine I, who, as the young German princess, Sophia of Anhalt, had been brought to Saint Petersburg, in 1744, "on approval," as a possible bride for the young grandson of the great Peter, afterward Peter III. He was at this period only sixteen years of age, "weak and sickly of body, restive, impetuous, and brutal in temper; this lad, even at that early age, exhibited a pronounced passion for drink." In the next year, they were married; but his first acts upon coming to the throne were so tyrannical as to excite the army to the point of mutiny. As he proposed to repudiate his wife and marry his mistress, he issued an order for her arrest, but whilst he was conferring with his boon companions, she drove to the capital and appealed to the soldiers,—received with enthusiasm, she put herself at the head of fourteen thousand men, and, wearing the uniform of a colonel, she led them to the palace and forced her unworthy spouse to sign his abdication, conferring upon her all his rights and privileges. Three days afterward, he died in prison, and she reigned in his stead. The Hermitage was not at first intended for a picture-gallery only; the Empress had literary as well as artistic tastes, and she placed her collection of books and pictures in this special pavilion erected for the purpose, and which received its name from the fact that she retired to it for seclusion in her leisure moments. The collection of works of art has been added to by successive monarchs, until Nicholas I built a new museum to take the place of the old pavilion. At present, it contains about eighteen hundred works.

In 1757, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, the Saint Petersburg Academy of Arts was founded. The curious theories of education which dictated its arrangement are ascribed by Russian writers on art to the influence of French ideas of the day, and particularly to Rousseau's *Emile*. Pupils were entered at the tender ages of three and five, being sometimes taken from the foundling asylums; after they had passed through the elementary courses of instruction, on the ground-floor of the

Academy, they were promoted, at the age of eleven to thirteen, to the more advanced schools in the upper stories. "There they were drilled to become artists, and finally sent abroad, where Mengs and David stood at the zenith of their glory. In Saint Petersburg, young Russians were compelled with the knout to make Oriental reverences before Poussin and the Bolognese. When they came to Rome, they transferred their servile veneration to the two younger princes of painting whom the world delighted to honor. And so the Classicism of Mengs and David—icy rigidity and tediousness aiming at style—found its way into Russia. Like a new Minerva, armed with diplomas and arrayed in academical uniform, Russian art descended to the earth, ready-made. Artists complimented each other on being a Russian Poussin, a Caracci, a Raphael, or—highest honor of all—a Guido Reni; they painted Jupiter, Achilles, Ulysses, Hercules, Socrates, and Priam; that is to say, wax dolls provided with frizzled hair and yellow and blue togas, moving majestically in bare landscapes, painted in the style of Valenciennes."

Against this spiritual bondage there were a few protesters,—among them the sculptor and designer of medals, Count Theodor Tolstoï, and the portrait-painter, Orest Kiprensky. For the Napoleonic period, the military painter was Orlovsky, who occupied about the position that Baron Gros did in France and Albrecht Adam in Munich, and who was, nevertheless, accepted as the Russian Wouverman. The Teniers was Venezianov, born in 1779, and during whose period *genre* painting was considered to be the lowest form of art, but whose earnest and sincere fidelity to the reproduction of the things he saw around him, and whose discriminating observation, have entitled him to the honor of being considered "the true father of Russian painting,"—or, one of them. The revolt against the classical landscape was led by Sylvester Stschedrin; but the great historical school, of Piloty and his followers, was established in Russia after 1834 with tremendous enthusiasm, and completely eclipsed these humbler workers in the field. *The Fall of Pompeii*, by

ALBERT EDELFELT

CHRIST AND MARY MAGDALEN

(FINNISH LEGEND)

PHOTOGRAVURE

Karl Brülov, a colossal canvas filled with figures larger than life and tumbling monuments, lit by the fire of Vesuvius and the lightning of heaven, aroused a fever of excitement and admiration in Italy and Russia. "To compare the young Russian with Michael Angelo and Raphael was a thing which seemed faint praise to the Roman critics. People took off their hats to him, as they did to Guérin in Paris; he was allowed to cross the boundaries of States without a passport, for his fame had penetrated even to the custom-house officials. When he appeared in the theatre, the public rose from their seats to greet the master; and a dense crowd gathered round the door of his house, or followed him wherever he went, to rejoice in the contemplation of such a man of genius. Sir Walter Scott, who was then the idol of the Russians, had sat for an hour in the painter's studio, examining the work with the greatest attention without uttering a word, until he at last declared that Brülov had not painted a mere picture, but an epic." Such a success as this could not but raise up a swarm of imitators, who were unfortunately encouraged by the purchases made by the Academy and by the Emperor, who wanted a "grand art," like Ludwig I and Friedrich Wilhelm IV. Among these imitators, the most notable were Hendrick Siemiradzky, Bruni, and Neff, the latter considered the greatest colorist after Brülov. But they were all copyists or imitators, and the revivifying breath of a true national art was not in them.

Nor is there much of it in the great work of Alexander Ivanov, *The Appearance of the Messiah among the People*, though the indefatigable painter had devoted every energy and no less than twenty-five years of constant labor to the attempt to present the scene in the true spirit of the Gospel, and with the complete avoidance of everything that might suggest the Academy or the antique, or even the conventions imposed by the Holy Synod, which permits no figure to appear in the churches unless painted in strict accordance with the traditions. The nimbus is thus reserved for the heads of these ecclesiastical figures, and is not used

in pictures not destined for the sanctuary, as in Ivanov's. Much the same sincerity and earnestness of purpose characterize the work of Basile Polénov; to his large canvases, representing scenes in the life of the Saviour, he has devoted many years of his life, and many studies made in Palestine and in Rome. Three or four of them appear at the Exposition; rather curiously, the spectator is conscious before them not so much of the fervor of the painter as of the charm of his clear, transparent, rather decorative color. That of Ivanov, on the contrary, is weak and discordant, though he is considered to have been one of the first to put in practice, in some degree, the principles of the *plein-air* school. Of a very different quality was the artist Gué, who died some four years ago, a friend of Tolstoï, and who pushed the practice of realism in painting to such an extent that his picture of the Crucifixion—the good thief shown so revolting that it is fortunate the bad is not seen, and the Christ apparently in the commencement of the dissolution of the flesh—was forbidden to be exposed in Saint Petersburg. In another canvas, *Quid est veritas?*, he represented the Saviour humiliated, his countenance expressing bitterness and revolt, before a comfortable, fat, and pomaded Pilate.

A much more tolerant form of realism was adopted by the portrait painter Sarjanko, who carried his minuteness of finish almost to the representation of the pores of the skin. But this search for fidelity to nature contributed to the growing distaste for idealism, real or spurious, in art, and to the gradual development of the genre painting, devoted to Russian themes, illustrating the life of the people, which, at first cheerful and humorous, caricaturing, more or less, in the manner of Hogarth,—as in the series of pictures by Fedotov,—ended in the melancholy-didactic, in sympathy with the social movement of the day. Of these painters bearing testimony against modern society, numerous here as elsewhere, one of the most sincere and best equipped technically is Perov; but it is to be noticed, here as elsewhere, that in both the roseate and the bilious

genre the literary, or social, animus is generally incompatible with the artistic quality, and that but very few of either of these two schools have been selected to represent the national art in the Paris Exposition. Even among the Finnish and Polish painters—in whose canvases we

might naturally expect to find more of the burden of living—the scenes of daily life, peasant or bourgeois, have been considered almost exclusively from an artistic point of view, and not from the social or political. One of the largest and most striking of all these canvases, one that has excited the admiration alike of the painters and the critics, is the group of big, laughing peasant girls of Maliavine, in red faces, red shawls, and red flowers, in a perfect blaze of color and hilarity. His other color-studies of peasants, male and female, bold and skilful in technique, are by no means the tense and soulful presentations of these "disinherited" to which we have become accustomed in modern art. One of the most tragic of these contemporary records is the picture by Nicolas Kassatkine, of two soldiers guarding two prisoners in a dusky corridor, the four sitting alternately on the same bench, the upright bayonets of the two

muskets very important in the dramatic effect. A woman, kneeling, buries her face on the knees of the nearest prisoner, who stares blankly into space; the other three remain indifferent. In his studies of heads, depraved or morbid, treated in nearly flat tones and with very effective rendering of the character, Theodor Botkine seems to have wished to suggest something of the under world; but the general type is furnished by such quiet canvases as Abram Arkhipow's *Return*, in sober browns and grays, or the more subtle *Future Monk* of Nicolas Bognadow-Bielsky, a boy listening to a priest, both seated at table in an humble interior.

Of these painters of the contemporary genre, one of the most prolific and best known is Vladimir Makovsky, who contributes no less than ten pictures to the Exposition. A very good example is the *Father-in-law*, making insidious proposals to his handsome daughter-in-law, and unfortunately overheard by the young husband who glowers in the open doorway. This artist, a younger brother of the more pretentious and better known Constantin Makovsky, excels in these smaller canvases in which he has no particular animosity against society, rather than in the larger ones in which he apparently has; and both artists are included in one of the two great divisions of contemporary Russian painting,—which are the semi-academical, semi-official, and that younger, fresher, and more healthful branch which occupies itself exclusively with the artistic considerations. Sometimes the painters transfer themselves from one division to the other; this is true of Constantin Makovsky, who was one of the thirteen pupils who, in 1863, having completed their studies in the Saint Petersburg Academy, entered into competition for the gold medal—the Russian Prix de Rome—and revolted and left the Academy, one and all, when the Board of Professors refused to give them any other subject for their competition but *The God Odin in Walhalla.* Their leader was a poor young student named Ivan Kramskoi, who earned a precarious living by retouching photographs. The centre of this national school, protesting against academism and all its works, is

WOJCIECH PIECHOWSKI

THE PROCESSION

PHOTOGRAVURE

"The Society for Wandering Exhibitions," recruited from these seceders in 1870, and which has succeeded in establishing Russian painting upon an honorable and independent basis. Makovsky, however, has fallen into conventionalities and mannerisms, weak and rather pretty restorations of antique themes, large canvases of scenes from the life of bojars in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, two or three of which have been purchased in the United States. His portraits of ladies, however, frequently have an air of *vraisemblance* and a certain style of presentation, as in the handsome full-length at the Exposition of Madame Makovsky, in a very rich black and white dress.

The great names in the Muscovite un-academic school are Répin, Wasnetzoff, Serov, Malioutine, Maliavine, Constantin Korovine, Levitan, and some others. As a portrait painter, Valentine Serov is entitled to first rank,—his technique, his renderings of character, range from the brilliant presentation of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, life-size, standing by his black horse, glittering in cuirass and helmet, to the subtle and intimate study of a young girl, sitting at a table with her hands on an orange, Mlle. W. S. Mamontov. The latter is one of the best portraits in the Exposition, and probably contributed largely to the painter's Grand Prix; as one of the foreign correspondents justly observed of it: "In the strong features of the young, unformed face, there is a look of possibility and of wistfulness of which one could never tire." The lighting and arrangement of the artist's canvases, the ease and flexibility of his technical methods, would make him conspicuous in any school; and his landscapes, gray or luminous but equally sincere, are inferior only to his portraits. Maliavine, awarded a gold medal for his red, red *Laughter*, was formerly a monk, and quitted his robe for the palette and brushes. Levitan—who is ranked with Serov in portraiture, and Tourgueneff in literature—is the foremost of a group of landscape painters who record the varying moods of Nature, in stress or calm, in moonlight or sunlight, with a sincerity and depth of feeling that repudiates the somewhat

more timid low tones and diffused outlines of more Western landscape painters. In the breaking away from artistic bondage, the return to—or, rather, the discovery of—that close and moody sympathy with Nature, untrammelled by rules and traditions, which constitutes what might be called the true landscape sense, and which is not much earlier in history than the steam-engine, this branch of the art of painting played the important part in Russia that it has done in other countries. The writers differ as to the name to be quoted as that of the original innovator and founder, Stschedrin, as has been said, or Cuindji, or some other, but the details are unimportant. The first named died in Naples in the early twenties of this century, but his works suggest the influence of the great seventeenth century landscape painters of the Low Countries rather than that of the school of Constable and Barbizon, or the still more modern ones of the present day—distinctions which are usually lost sight of in the generalizing of art records and dictionaries.

The later landscape, of "mood," developed when Russian landscape painting returned to Russian soil from its wanderings in foreign climes and in foreign garbs, led astray largely by the grand historical style. One of the most sincere of the followers of Stschedrin was Lebedev, who also died young, in Naples, but in whose earliest pictures, painted in Saint Petersburg before his Italian journey, may be seen the first beginnings of the *paysage intime*. The true appreciation of the natal soil appears in the etchings of Schischkin, but his sense of color was deficient in his paintings; and after him came many others,—Vassiliev, Cuindji or Kuindshi, Savrassov, Sudkovsky, Albert Benois, Svjetoslavsky, and more. The landscape studies of Cuindji made a great sensation about 1880, with their remarkable effects of light; and his influence upon the younger aspirants is thought to have been very beneficial. Of the animal painters, Svertschkov excelled in the rendering of the little Russian horses and their peasant masters; and Peter Sokolov painted hunting scenes, funerals, and tavern scenes. But few of these are represented in the

Paris Exposition; Korovine, however, who has received a medal of gold, sends two easel pictures,—a portrait of a lady, and a vigorously painted study of two Spanish women standing by the inner blinds of a window and looking through them into the street. His talent as decorator is shown in the important mural paintings in the various apartments of the Asiatic Russian pavilion on the Trocadéro,—in the hall of *Central Asia*, views of the gates and walls of Samarkand, treated more or less realistically, and in those of *Northern Russia* and *Siberia*, more conventionally painted suggestions of the fishing villages, the virgin forests, the snows, the reindeer, and the mysterious glow of the Aurora Borealis. He also

designed the architecture and arranged the scheme of the Russian village, and of the exhibition of popular Russian industrial arts. In his admirable decorative panels the artist had the assistance of M. Klodt, and, like Wasnetzoff, has sought his inspiration in national motifs. In this latter direction lay also the work of Mlle. Polenova, much of which can be seen in the Russian village, and who, in her water-colors, illustrations, designs for embroidery and furniture, has displayed a talent rare for a woman, and which rendered her premature death, in 1899, a real loss to Russian art. The brother of Constantin Korovine, Serge, paints scenes of popular life, touched with a religious spirit which differentiates them sharply from the unspiritual realism of Répin.

Very many of the most able landscape painters in the Russian section of the Exposition, those in whom the influence of the sombre northern clime seems to be the strongest, are natives of Finland, but there are enough representatives of the school of Moscow and Saint Petersburg to make a very good showing. Among the latter are Borissow, who paints the waste of blue ice of the *Glacier Period*, Chichkine, Pokitonow, Strabrovski, Henri Weissenhoff, awarded a silver medal for his small canvas of a farm buried in snow under a pale lemon sky, and Walkoff. Ivan Krilov renders the wide stretch of the steppes; Alexandre Makovsky, Mlle. Marie Gazyez, and one or two others, hunting scenes; and Apollinarus Wasnetzoff, also awarded a silver medal, is represented by various canvases in which the landscape motif either predominates or is skilfully subordinated to the human sentiment,—as in the *Elegy*, in which the poet sits on the edge of a sombre lake, under the cypresses and the shadow of the marble mausoleum, or in the illustration to some fairy story in which in the silence and desperate cold of the forest buried in snow there suddenly appears a little luminous figure, a species of homonculous, dancing near the shore of the icy pond in the foreground. Of the marine painters, the one most widely known in Western Europe is Ivan Aivazovsky, who died in his natal town of Theodosia, in

WOJCIECH GERSON

CASIMIR THE GREAT RETURNING TO POLAND

PHOTOGRAVURE

TO POLAND

the Crimea, in May, 1900. Some three years before, he had celebrated his jubilee, on which occasion the Emperor had conferred upon him the Alexander Newski order, and indeed, from his earliest known work, awarded the first gold medal of the Academy in 1835, official success and honors had attended all his steps. The influence of the Court and the approval of the government are all important in Russia, in art as in other things; and the favor with which this painter has been regarded at home has spread to other nations. At the Paris Salon of 1843, he was awarded a medal of the third class and made *Hors Concours;* in 1857, he was appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. At Florence, in 1874, an exhibition of his pictures excited great interest, and the Academia of that city requested him to paint his own portrait, to be hung in the Pitti Palace in the gallery of portraits of distinguished artists of all countries,—the only other Russian painter thus honored being Kiprenski.

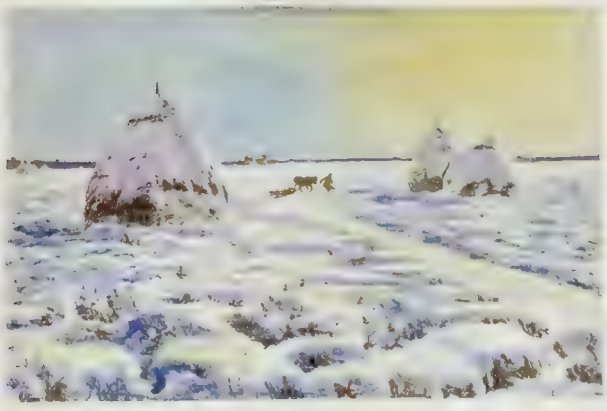
Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, who writes autobiographical sketches of some of the most famous artists among his countrymen,—generally with an enthusiasm which seems somewhat extreme,—claims Aïvazovsky to be "one of the best marine painters who have ever lived." "The truth, the transparency, of his seas," he says, "the pause of the waves just as they are about to fall in curling breakers and mingle with the waters that sway on his canvas, the extraordinary vividness of his coloring, the lurid gleam of the icebergs floating in appalling hugeness under leaden skies, the purple and green sheen of Eastern seas sparkling under a tropical sun,—all this Aïvazovsky has painted with unquestionable mastery and a sort of passion which make every one of his pictures a masterpiece. As I beheld the solemn splendor of the Norwegian coast, the lakes of oil that are the bays of the Red Sea, the pale green sheen of the Indian Ocean, the purple gloom of a storm in the Arabian Gulf,—all of which, intensely true, I had seen before my voyage in his pictures,—those pictures rose up in my mind." Professor Muther, in his chapter on Russian art, classifies him as the best of the painters of

"polished, exotic, picturesque views," although he was "a rapid painter, a *décorateur* forever seizing upon loud, pyrotechnical effects *à la* Gudin. But, in spite of their glaring and violent colors, many of his sea-pieces reproduce with great cogency the grandeur and crash of the storm, and others, the limitless peace of the sea; and in virtue of these he seems a forerunner of the later landscape of 'mood.'" An undoubted disciple of this latest school is Michel Tkatchenko, who lives in Paris, and who occasionally paints such big official canvases as that representing the arrival of President Félix Faure at Cronstadt, hung at the Exposition, but who also excels in rendering still scenes on the surface of the waters, moonlights and calms on the Black Sea, beautiful in light and in sentiment.

In the field of historical research, of attempts to restore the life of the past ages, a high place is given by common consent to the works of Vasili Sourikoff or Sourikov,—the commentators differing only as to whether he excels or falls behind Répin in this province. Professor Muther qualifies such of his canvases as the *Bojar Woman Norosovna* and the *Execution of the Strelitzes* as "gloomy and thoroughly Russian pictures, bearing witness to an earnest attempt to live the life of the past;" and M. Benois, whom we have already quoted, cites him as worthy to make a fourth in his grotesque trio of modern painters, "Menzel, Ford Madox-Brown, and Jean-Paul Laurens," as the only legitimate painters of history,—"the others seeming rather to be illustrating spectacular grand opera, or commenting upon frivolous historical romances." Unfortunately, in the Exposition, this painter is represented only by a large canvas illustrating an old Siberian game in the snow, the storming of a snow fortress. In the paintings of Michel Nesterov, the same intensity of feeling takes a devotional cast, an ascetic tinge, which enhances their value among his people,—as in his paintings of pious hermits in the forest, or the black figures of monks in a gray landscape, in one of his canvases in the Exposition, or the martyrdom of Saint Serge, in the

other. In the latter, as in all his works, the gray and somewhat mysterious landscape forms a very effective portion of the presentation. In these renderings of old legends, one of the most striking is the immense canvas by Girsemberg, of the Wandering Jew, naked and the size of life, running with dilated eyes through a ghastly snowy wood full of crosses and naked corpses. And among the painters of genre, mention should be made of Leoni Pasternac, awarded a silver medal, and whose designs for Tolstoï's *Resurrection* are the most excellent here to be seen.

Of the portrait painters not heretofore mentioned, one of the most noticeable is André Riabouchkine, who interests himself chiefly in the



life of the seventeenth century, fêtes at Moscow, etc., and a very careful study of the portraits of the family of a prosperous merchant of that period, all posed in a row, in their best attire. Some of these portraitists are ladies, as the princess Marie Eristoff Kazak, who paints a general, and

also a cheerfully smiling Madame Paquin, in pastel. The conventional, well-equipped society painter is represented by Ignace Pienkovski and Sigismond Andrychewicz,—the latter's *Madame M . . .* very serene and handsome in her white dress and ornamental frame. Of Nicolas Kousnetzow's four canvases, landscapes and figure studies, the most interesting is his portrait of a young girl in black; and directly at the right of the southeastern entrance to the Grand Palais, exposed to the weather and the dust, is the very bright and fresh, in color and expression, portrait of the Countess F . . ., by Casimir Mordasewicz,—worthy of a better situation. Monsieur Benois cites as also notable portrait painters of the *mondanité élégante* Bray and Léon Braxte, "of [with his usual looseness of classification] the style of Boldini and Sargent." "Quite different is a young artist of Saint Petersburg, Constantin Somoff, in whose scenes of the life of other days the past reappears with a vividness quite remarkable. His favorite period is the commencement of the nineteenth century, and he excels in the rendering of the affectation of Russian society and the sentimentalism—quite of the Romantic period—of the time. His decorative work has a certain affinity—whilst remaining strictly personal—with that of the admirable English artist Conder."

The art of Finland, as is but natural, bears a strong resemblance to that of Sweden and Norway, with the former of which nations it was long united; and the history of the development of this art during the present century is in its general lines that of all these northern countries. Its very first manifestations were in connection with the construction and ornamentation of the old churches, built with the blocks of granite which the prehistoric glaciers had deposited over the face of the land; one of the earliest names in this history is that of Michael Toppelius, grandfather of the poet of that name, whom we find in the first years of this century occupied in all parts of the province as painter of religious subjects for these churches. Of the great art movements of the rest of Europe but feeble echoes reached these distant shores; one of the earliest

PRINCESS MARIE ERISTOFF KAZAK

PORTRAIT OF MME. PAQUIN

Pastel

PHOTOGRAVURE

monuments of Gothic architecture was the cathedral of Abo; the Catholic church of the fifteenth century, and the rich nobles of the seventeenth, imported a few examples of the mediæval and Renaissance art. It was not until the reign of Gustavus III that an interest in the fine arts as such began to be diffused, and this was largely dissipated in the political troubles which followed. Of the few painters and sculptors whose names appear in the early years of the nineteenth century, nearly all sought in Sweden or in Italy the means of acquiring a knowledge of their art and of practising it afterward; one of these, however, Robert Vilhelm Ekman, after having acquired honors and apparently definitely settled in Stockholm, returned to his own country, and his name is intimately associated with the dawn of a true Finnish art. A national pride and self-confidence had developed; it was felt that, despite smallness of numbers and poverty, there was a tradition to guard and a future to look forward to. The Society of the Fine Arts of Finland was founded in 1846, and all the subsequent progress is intimately connected with this event.

Ekman had returned in the preceding year, and had largely contributed to the establishment of a school of design, the only art school in the country with the exception of that of the University. The principal artist in Helsingfors was Magnus von Wright, self-taught, a painter partly for his own amusement and partly in connection with his occupation as preparer of specimens for the zoölogical museum; the only professional artist was the Swede, Johan Erik Lindh, portrait painter in a modest way. There was no public collection of works of art, and the private individuals possessing a few paintings or a piece of sculpture were very few in number. The pecuniary resources of the Fine Arts Society were but meagre, and at first it received no support from the State, but it succeeded in establishing two schools of design; in 1849, it commenced an art collection, it instituted annual exhibitions, gave travelling purses to deserving students, and all despite the prevalence of a general indifference

or despair even amongst its own well-wishers,—sustained only by the conviction on the part of a few earnest and patriotic workers of the immense importance of the fine arts in the development of a civilization. The support of the government was finally obtained in a small way,—at first, by subventions granted the schools of the Society and to the travelling scholarships, this for the first time in 1863; then by allowing pensions to artists of merit and instituting annual competitions, for the first time in 1873; by exhibitions at Helsingfors, in 1876 and in 1885; by occasional purchases of works of art and commissions for copies of the old masters, for the first time in 1891, and by other measures. Finally, between 1885 and 1887, the palace of the Atenum, at Helsingfors, was constructed, at the expense of the State, for the needs of the Fine Arts Society and the Society for the encouragement of the arts applied to industry. The number of subscribing members to the first of these increased from five hundred and nine in 1847 to nineteen hundred and thirteen in 1898, and its funds were very largely augmented by donations and bequests.

Other institutions were gradually founded, generally by the painters themselves. In 1864 was created the Society of Artists, which instituted a pension fund "for Finnish artists and men of letters" nine years later, and which has on several occasions taken the initiative in securing the participation of native painters in foreign exhibitions. It has also been the parent of other fine arts societies, at Viborg in 1890, at Abo in 1891, at Tammerfors in 1898; that of Viborg organized the third school of design in the country, and that of Abo founded the second public gallery of painting. This latter society claims to have sold, or procured the sale of, paintings by native artists to the value of one hundred and seven thousand marks in the first seven years of its existence; and it benefited, in 1895, by the donation of one hundred and fifty thousand marks for the construction of a building. All these artistic societies organize lotteries for the sale of works by native artists, and the increase in the number of these (doubling in value in eight years), and the growing interest

manifested by the public in the collections of the Atenum and in the public and private exhibitions organized in Helsingfors and in the provincial towns, demonstrate that art has become an important feature in the culture of the country. The Fine Arts Society has not occupied itself with the domain of architecture.

Ekman, a painter of considerable talent and having had the benefit of a technical education, even before his return to his native country had

felt the patriotic impulse which was awakening among the people, and afterward, abandoning his Swedish, Dutch, and Italian subjects, he devoted himself to rendering the themes of the popular poetry of the nation. He also painted a considerable number of altar-pieces for the churches, less because of any particular aptitude for religious art than

because of the numerous commissions he received. The art of sculpture also found its themes in these national legends, although it was practically introduced into the country by a foreigner, a young Swedish sculptor, Carl Eneas Sjöstrand, who came to execute the statue, in bronze, of Porthan, "the Father of the History of Finland." The interest excited by his work, and the desire which he had long entertained to represent some of the subjects of the *Kalevala*, the old Finnish poems, induced him to establish himself in the country later, in 1863, and he thus became the pioneer of his art in Finland. His style, simple and somewhat rude, was not ill adapted to these primitive and heroic themes,—as in his statue of *Kullervo speaking to his Sword*, with his faithful hound lying at his feet and endeavoring in vain to attract his master's attention. The practical disadvantages attending the work of the sculptor as compared with the less costly and more popular art of the painter were largely overcome in the case of Sjöstrand by patriotic contributions, furnished cheerfully to further the execution of these monuments which awoke a responsive echo in the Finnish soul. His immediate successor, the sculptor W. Runeberg, also found in his youth this loyal support to an art which had already taken root in the soil.

The first works of Runeberg, however, betrayed the influences of his education in Rome, where he had gone in 1862, and were more or less weak imitations of the classic of Thorwaldsen. In 1876, he left Rome for Paris, and in the latter city, under different auspices, acquired a greater individuality in the execution. Quite a number of his statues and monumental works are preserved in Finland, but his most distinguished productions are his portrait busts. The same is true of his rival Johannes Takanen, the son of poor parents, whilst the father of Runeberg was the great poet of Finland. Takanen also found means to go to Rome, in 1873, that capital then possessing for the sculptors of the North the same attraction that Düsseldorf had for the painters; he, however, early manifesting a leaning toward realism in his art rather than toward the ideal

PEKKA HALONEN

YOUNG GIRLS ON THE WATCH

(FINNISH MYTHOLOGY)

PHOTOGRAVURE

and the antique. His statues of women, *Aino*, *Rebecca*, and *Andromeda*, are the works of sculpture which enjoy the most popular favor in Finland, and which are the most often reproduced in plaster. In 1884, he was the successful competitor in a concours organized by the Diet for the design for a monument to Alexander II, but he died before its completion, and it was carried out by Runeberg, being inaugurated in 1894.

The younger generation of painters, profiting by the progress that had been made at home, and by the opportunities offered them for study abroad, at Rome, Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris, found their way somewhat easier, and their numbers multiplied. The standard of criticism and culture also rose in the nation, and the naïve predilection for national and patriotic themes began to give way to a more purely artistic appreciation. Among the most notable of the names that appear on these records, one of the first is that of Löfgren, who had gone to Stockholm—the Academy of that city being long the first station in their careers of the young artists of the west of Finland—and thence to Düsseldorf, where he acquired his true artistic education,—never pushed very far. A much stronger talent was that of Werner Holmberg, born in 1830, landscape painter, also trained at Düsseldorf, and who at first was attracted by the new realistic school of the day, the chief of which was the Norwegian painter Hans Gude. He returned to Finland at the age of twenty-seven, and died at Düsseldorf three years later, but in this short space of time he had produced a number of works still treasured as among the most valuable of the national art. About the same date were Von Becker and Falkman, who went to Paris and became genre painters, choosing by preference Italian and French subjects. But the greater number of the young Finnish artists previous to 1875 sought their technical training in Düsseldorf and Rome,—Nordensvan, Frosterus, Liljelund, Jansson, and others. The study of landscape art, so well inaugurated by Holmberg, has been taken up and successfully practised by Hjalmar Munsterhjelm and Berndt Lindholm, both of them represented at the Paris Exposition,—

the latter having finished his studies in the French capital and been several times an exhibitor at the Salon. He is considered to be a realist, and Munsterhjelm, an idealist; the latter painting by preference the lakes of the interior of his country, and moonlit scenes, and Lindholm, the forest and the sea-shore, in full daylight. Another landscape and marine painter, Torsten Wænerberg, also of the Düsseldorf school, has located himself abroad, as have Fredrik Ahlstedt, painter of figures and landscapes, and Oskar Kleineh, marine painter, this practice of expatriating one's self, not unnatural in the artists of a poor and small country, not seeming to be unduly resented by their less venturesome countrymen held by stronger local ties. Since 1875, Paris has largely taken the place of Düsseldorf as the school for these northern painters, and the influence of French art has been much more marked in their development and subsequent production.

Those of Finland share with their professional brethren of Sweden and Norway those qualities and aspirations which seem to be the natural results of the climate, the poverty and simplicity of the life. Their tendencies are toward the natural, if not always the realistic, for the quality of imagination is by no means absent; they excel in the representation of the face of nature, and of the daily life around them, frequently rendered with a sincerity, an earnestness of conviction, that finds adequate expression in the sharpness of vision, the lack of aërial perspective, justified by the clear, cold atmosphere. They are but little interested in the genre subjects which amuse the more southern painters, the vaguely imaginative, the grand historical or military, the noisy and blatant patriotic, the *grande peinture* generally, the literary or social. It is as though the boreal air nipped off all such excrescences as affectations and posturings; the orator who inflates his chest and throws out his right arm in the favorite French attitude, has his extended finger frozen before he can complete his sentence. It is the portrait and the scene of domestic interior, the landscape rendered faithfully, without complication or arrangement, in which these painters excel. The two most celebrated artists of

Finland are Gallen and Edelfelt, but the former, the stronger talent of the two, has preserved the national traditions uncontaminated by the more cultured training of Western Europe. At the Exposition, he displays his originality, his invention, and powers of observation and creation, not only in the fine arts gallery of the Grand Palais in his portraits, his illustrations of the national legends, his engravings and dry-points, landscapes and ex-libris, but also in the pavilion of Finland, on the other side of the river, in his frescoes of the legends of the *Kalevala*, and his completed furniture and designs for wood-carving. The art of his countrymen, of the soil and of the air, seems to be epitomized in his own.

The four walls of the quadrangular cupola of the belfry of the national pavilion, in the spaces of the pointed arches, are decorated with scenes selected from the old poems of the era before the introduction of Christianity into the land, which take their name from the locality in which they originated,—the children of Kaleva. These are rendered by the artist in a style less barbaric and apparently naïve than that of his contemporary, the Norwegian painter Munthe, but almost equally simplified, concentrated, and original, and even more "seizing" and impressive. These poems were gathered together and classified about the middle of

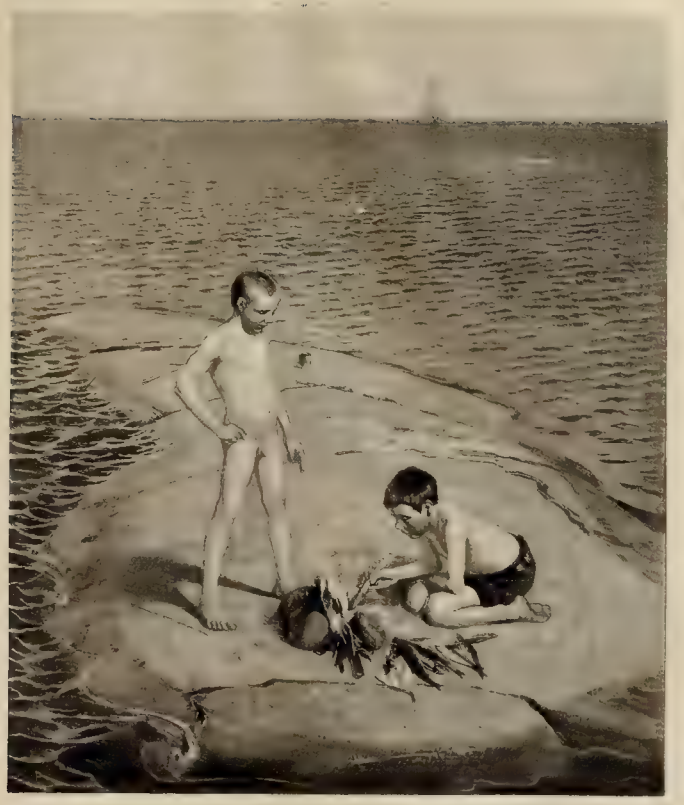
the present century by the writer Lönnrot, "and constitute a collection as a whole lyric and epic of an incomparable richness and of a character peculiarly individual; an enormous epopee, cosmic and mythological, of nearly twenty-three thousand verses, the heroic personages of which are not to be found elsewhere, and which express marvellously well, with the characteristic ideas of the ancient Finns, all their customs and that aspect of Nature which was familiar to them." At the bottom of each painting are placed several lines of text summing up the passage of the *Kalevala* which has furnished the artist his subject; the first represents the forge of the *Sampo*,—"The immortal hero, Ilmarinen, forges the Sampo, the radiant and mysterious disk upon which depends the happiness of the people of Finland." The space, apparently a very awkward one for the purposes of the decorator, has been skilfully adapted to his incident, in the curved panel left between two pointed arches, one rising above the other, the lower, left-hand space is occupied by the bent backs of Ilmarinen's workmen, toiling at the long lever of the great bellows which blows up his furnace fire among the rocks, and the lower right-hand space by his anvil, hammer, and cooling-trough; in the larger open area at top appear the sharp tongues of flame pouring out from the mouth of the rocky furnace, and the hero himself, nude to the waist, stooping, his hands on his knees, to watch the glowing disk within. The second composition, the most weird of the four, depicts an incident in the homeward voyage of the Finnish heroes, the Svomii, bringing the Sampo from the northern land to Kaleva, and attacked by the Mother of the Shades, a most fearsome Harpy, clinging to the mast with one claw and menacing with the other, whilst her gnome-like children cluster above her between her wings. In the third scene, Ilmarinen appears, ploughing the field of vipers in the country of the Shades, chanting exorcisms as he goes, and crushing beneath his feet and those of his white horse, the reptiles, which gather thickly, upright and threatening, in the lower right-hand space. And finally, in the fourth,

MME. WENNY SOLDAN-BROFELDT

BOYS ON THE SEA-SHORE

PHOTOGRAVURE

BOYS ON THE SEA-SHORE



is seen a peaceful landscape on the shore of a northern lake, expressed in the simplest and most quiet of lines, the thin column of smoke from a little fire in the foreground rising perpendicularly in the centre, and, leaning against the prostrate log beside it, the *Kantele*, the primitive harp, made of the jaw-bone of a pike, which the immortal Rhapsode, old Waïnamoïnen, had left to the people of Finland for the joy and the consolation of generations to come. And this sane and healthful melody, charming and mysterious, still resounds in the hearts of the people, and inspires all their works with this note of sentiment and sensitiveness.

In the easel paintings by Gallen in the Grand Palais appear two more scenes from this legend of Sampo-Joukahainen, the defenders of the Sampo, and a third, from another, the old mother of the hero Lemminkaïnen, crouching beside his dead body, and by her incantations restoring him to symmetry and life after his dismemberment by the claws of the river monster. All of these are rendered in variations of this apparently rude and almost archaic manner which is nevertheless so individual and original and so truly learned and sophisticated. This artist, the most advanced representative of the reaction against naturalism among those of his country, yet began by accepting much of the French naturalism of about twenty years ago, and by painting nearly literally the desolate and picturesque solitudes of the landscapes of northern Finland and scenes in the daily life of the people. In these, he did not hesitate to render unpleasant and sordid subjects, and those expressive of the despair and misery of the poor, nor the most repulsive ugliness,—though in many of them a touch of grace or simplicity would redeem the most prosaic theme. But between his peasants and fisher folk and those of the more conventional Jansson, or those of a refined painter like Edelfelt, there remains a wide distinction. Later, while not breaking away altogether from the methods of naturalism as regards the human form, he began to seek for the expression of a certain mysticism and to employ symbols and allegories; and it was only four or five years ago, in such canvases as *The Mother*

of Lemminkäinen at Tuonela, that he definitely abandoned his realism, under the influence of that reaction which is sometimes called symbolism and which does not propose a return to the old ideals, sanctioned by custom and age, but rather the complete enfranchisement of the artistic temperament and the personal imaginative qualities.

Edelfelt owes his European reputation largely to his Paris training and residence and to the excellence of his portraits,—one of the most brilliant of the latter appearing in his important exhibit in the Grand Palais. This is his portrait of Mme. Pasteur, sitting by a table on which is a little bronze bust of her famous husband, and looking directly at the spectator with so sympathetic and life-like an expression in her wrinkled face, with something more than the suggestion of tears in her aged eyes, that it is quite wonderful. It is very fitting that the artist should thus worthily record the features of the wife, for his portrait of Pasteur, in his laboratory, in 1885, was one of his most successful works, and was even compared by some of the Salon critics with the other portrait by Bonnat, and not to the enhancement of the latter. Edelfelt made his début at the Salon of 1877 with a pretty historical incident, Queen Blanche, young and handsome, trotting her chubby little son on her knee, but he soon sought more serious fields, historical, monumental, and religious,—living mostly in Paris, yet rendering scenes from the lives of the Finnish people, especially those of the coast of Nyland. One of these, a divine service celebrated in the open air, is in the Luxembourg, and many are scattered through various other European museums. Of late years, he has been one of those attracted by the religious art of Uhde, and has in his turn transferred the Scriptural legends to the shores of Finland,—the Virgin, under the figure of a poor peasant woman, in the *Soir de Noël* of the Salon of 1891; and the *Christ et Madeleine*, of the preceding year, having its foundation in an old Finnish legend, the scene taking place on the border of one of the northern lakes, the Saviour wearing the costume of a shepherd, and the repentant Magdalen that of

a peasant woman of Careliu. This latter canvas appears at the Exposition, and in its pale and sober tones has the air of being an echo of Bastien Le Page. In 1891, having been one of the competitors for the decoration of the State assembly hall of the University, he received the commission to execute a large mural painting, *The Inauguration of the Academy of Abo;* and in the next year we find him painting a military and patriotic subject. He has also made a number of designs for illustrations in the same line, and after being for many years a resident of Paris, appears to have transferred his domicile to Helsingfors.

Almost quite as independent of conventionalities and traditions as Gallen, and almost, if not quite, as strong in technique, is Eero Järnefelt, who excels in portrait, in landscape, in figures, in water-colors and in oils. Of his seven paintings at the Exposition, one of the most charming is the long, decorative composition, *Autumn Effect on the Lake of Piélis*, in which the truthfulness of the rendering of a beautiful aspect of nature is that larger truthfulness which translates the spirit as well as the tones.

Almost equally admirable are his winter landscapes,—"few before him," says a contemporary work on the fine arts of Finland, "have rendered with so much truthfulness and so much charm the light of our summers and of our winters." "Among the landscapists," says M. Marguillier, writing of the Exposition, "M. Järnefelt distinguishes himself in the first rank by his broad and decorative handling." His portraits are almost equally remarkable, and for the appropriate portrait painter's qualities—breadth, dignity, fineness of tone, and speaking presentation of the sitter's personality. Another of these strong landscape painters is Voeinae Blomstedt, whose "hard" rendering of color and form in his snowy scenes expresses with striking vividness the stillness and the cold. Like most of these northern *paysagistes*, Blomstedt is also a portrait painter; and contributes to that general note of originality, of freshness of inspiration, which has been said to be lacking in the whole Russian section outside that of these Finlanders,—as it certainly is in the seven canvases of M. Alexis Harlamoff, resident of Paris. The connection between the external aspect of Nature and the inner life in these northern countries is too close to permit of their being widely separated in the national art; and this double talent is noticeable in most of the Finnish painters of the last twenty-five years. Among them must also be cited Wasastjerna, Gebhard, and Halonen, the two latter awarded silver medals at the Exposition,—Gebhard, for a single canvas, a forsaken little boy alone on a bench in a bare room, and Halonen for eight pictures,—winter landscape in gray greens; evening sun warming up a little red house on a farm; desolate plains; peasants at table, lit by the low light from the windows; and young girls watching in the forest, cool and pleasant in color.

Quite a number of these genre and landscape painters are women,—as Madame Elin Danielson-Gamboggi, represented at the Exposition by two paintings, one of them a contented mother, nursing her infant; Maria Wiik, or Wuk, by a dusky little interior, the parting between mother and daughter; Mme. Anna Frosterus-Segerstrale, by a study of a peasant;

VLADIMIR MAKOVSKY

FATHER-IN-LAW
AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

PHOTOGRAVURE

Mme. Wenny Soldan-Brofeldt, by a curious hard, flat, semi-realistic, semi-decorative, canvas of some naked boys on the sea-coast, and by two others, one of which gives the interior of a farm-house with the occupants at dinner, better in color and lighting even than Halonen's; and Madame Helene Schjerfbeck and Madame Sigrid af Forselles, sculptor, not represented. "It is to be remarked," says our Finnish history, "that the sentimental softness of our women painters of the preceding generation has given place, in their younger sisters, to a search for energy in the style and the expression of character. However, the first among them take their subjects willingly enough from the world of children, whilst Madame Forselles seeks in a mystic symbolism the expression of speculative ideas." Of the very few experimenters in this doubtful region of mysticism and symbols, the most successful is probably Hugo Simberg, who, in connection with two portraits and a landscape, exhibits a queer little mediæval painting, *The Flowers of Death*, little skeleton monks in black robes on a terrace watering leafless plants. Of the Finnish sculptors, two have already been noticed, Vallgren and Wikstroem, or Vikström; with the name of the former is frequently associated that of Robert Stigell, as of two artists who have conquered their reputation slowly and through many difficulties. The latter has progressed from the *Love holding a Rose*, of his early, Roman, studies to the *Shipwrecked* group, almost brutal in its realism, erected at Helsingfors in 1898, and of which a copy is shown at the Exposition. Vallgren, of late years, has taken an active part in the creation of a modern style for the industrial arts, in which he is considered to have acquired a reputation abroad. Two other sculptors are included in the list of those whom their compatriots delight to honor, Haltia and Malmberg. Of those artists in whose works, or in some of them at least, the national note completely disappears, to be replaced by the technique and the range of vision of the cosmopolitan schools, there may be mentioned Stjernschantz, represented at Paris by the interior of a glass-works, and Gunnar Berndtson, deceased some five years ago, who

was notable among his compatriots as a *peintre de luxe*, of opulent or Oriental interiors, finished with the refinement of miniature painting.

Of that still more unhappy people, the Poles, partitioned up between the three great nations of Eastern Europe and refused any common allegiance save that to the arts, it is necessary to seek their works widely scattered through alien galleries. In these works, however, of art, of science, and of literature, the national spirit still asserts itself despite the foreign masters, and in them it finds refuge,—is it not claimed that out of every ten Poles five are born artists, either painters, musicians, poets, actors, ideologists, or reformers! Therefore it is but natural that that peculiar quality which seems to constitute the talent of certain poets, writers or composers, painters or sculptors, a sort of synthesis of the national genius, should be still more frequently developed among these much tried people; and it is the painters who commemorate the history, the traditions, the customs, and the landscapes of their country, whether living at home or abroad, that the Poles most delight to honor. Chief among these is Matejko, whom we have seen exhibiting in the Austrian galleries of the Exposition, though not his most important works,—as *The Sermon of Skarga*, the *Combat of Grunwald*, *Reytan*, or the *Union of Poland and Lithuania*. At the little retrospective exhibition of works by Polish painters in the Georges Petit Galleries in the spring of 1900, he was represented by a smaller historical work, the *Banquet of Wierzynek*, and some portraits. To this painter was awarded, at the Exposition Universelle of 1867, one of the six medals of honor which have been given in modern times to the artists of this country in Salons and great exhibitions. Another of these national painters is Joseph Brandt, who, although professor in the school of the fine arts in Munich, occupies himself with picturesque incidents in the military annals of Poland, with the Cossacks of the Ukraine and the wide stretches of the steppes; another is Joseph Chelmonski, also with a *médaille d'honneur* at an Exposition Universelle, that of 1879, and who paints the types of the Polish peasants and the

melancholy beauties of the Mazovian landscapes. In the present Exposition, he is represented, in the Russian galleries, by only one canvas, a careful study of quails in the snow. Of these painters who thus strive to keep alive the national tradition, in spite of Tzars and Kaisers, there are others, less widely known abroad,—Rodakowski, Kossak, Witkiewicz, Siemiradzki, and, among the younger men, Pochwalski, Weissenhoff, and Arthur Grottger, the latter a painter and designer, who died in 1867, at the age of thirty, and who yet is thought worthy of comparison with Chopin as breathing in his works, and especially in his series of designs commemorating the last insurrection, "the same feeling, singularly complex, the same spirit, sometimes heroic, sometimes unquiet, sometimes languid and lost in visions."

As is but natural, not too much of this patriotic spirit is to be found in the galleries of the ruling powers, in the Exposition buildings, but in a few canvases treating of historical incidents there are allusions to the

tragic past of the country,—the most direct being the large painting by Wojciech Gerson, *Casimir the Great returning to Poland.* This is that Casimir, or Kazimierz, the third of the name, whom the Poles revere as the most illustrious of their monarchs, who came to the throne in 1333, added Little Russia and Red Russia to his patrimony, repelled the Tartars, conquered Silesia, improved the condition of the peasants, aided art and learning, and—under the persuasion of a Jewish mistress—granted to her race those liberties which they still enjoy in Poland. The painter has represented him returned to a wasted and ruined land, the smoke of the burning villages on the horizon, and gone forward with a single attendant to where the fallen cross of a crucified woman arrests his steps. Gerson is a native of Warsaw, and lives in that city, but does not always confine himself to such tragic themes,—portraits, and even mythological figures, nude and decorative, occupying his brush at times. Josef Ryszkiewicz, also of Warsaw, in another large canvas, painted with great truth of color and of atmospheric tones, shows us the cart of a dead vivandière, abandoned in a marshy plain and attended only by her poor old gaunt white horse. But, in general, these denationalized artists content themselves with safer themes, portraits and landscapes, in which they do excellent work frequently, and for the sculptors, portrait busts, medals, and classical or religious figures.

Among the exceptions should be noted Wojciech Piechowski, a pupil of Gerson, who paints the contemporary incident, not always, however, with the admirable keenness of observation and frankness of rendering of his big, fresh, clear *Procession* at the Exposition. The very tendency to undue sharpness of detail in the brush-work increases the historical value of this record. Less interesting is the interior of a dye-shop, with much red, by Leopold Pilichowski; or the smoothly painted canvas by Jan Chelminski, of Napoleon surrounded by his staff, at Vauchamps, in 1814. Good color and an artistic way of presenting the subject characterize the dusky interior in which husbandmen are sifting grain, by

EMIL WIKSTROEM

"DELIVER US FROM EVIL"

Statuette in Wood, Studded with Rubies

PHOTOGRAVURE

Apolonius Kendzrierski; and of the imaginative genre, so to speak, the most illustrious example among these painters is the *Parable of the Prodigal Son*—transferred to Thessaly and presented by centaurs! Never was the story more clearly told, however, or with more sympathetic human emotion,—the reproving father, the anxious mother, the shaky little prematurely bald roué of a man-horse! All this with excellent tone and color. The artist is Constantin Gorski, a graduate of the Saint Petersburg Academy; Francis Zmurko, pupil of Wagner and of Matejko, presents on a very large canvas a wide evening landscape with the star of Bethlehem rising in the east and watched by some graceful, half-draped figures in the foreground. All these are in the Russian galleries; in the Austrian, are the picturesque *Easter Sunday in the Country*, of Wladimir Tetmajer, excellent portraits, in oil and pastel, by Wyczolkowski (awarded a silver medal), Axentowicz, Pochwalski, and Madame Olga Boznanska, and the handsome, decorative landscapes of Jan Stanislawski, already noticed.

In the Russian galleries, the portrait painters are Josef Pankiewicz, who has received a silver medal for his portrait of a mother and child, Piontkowski, Sleipski, Loevy, Jasinski, and Badowski,—all of them either natives of Warsaw or practising their art in that city. The most notable landscapes are, the green forest of Charles Klopfer, the other forest scene, with slim tree-trunks, and a village market, by Stanislas Maslowski, good in color,—both of them also of Warsaw. The sculptors are, Marie Gerson, with a *Mater Dolorosa;* Welonski, with a group of *Prometheus;* Rygier, a figure of *Art* and the head of a faun; and Trojanovsni, some medals, and a bold bust of Wagner.

The founder of the Art Gallery of Moscow, Paul Michailovitch Tretiakoff, died early in 1899,—this very important institution commemorating his name and that of his brother, Sergius, who was associated with him. In this same year, valuable additions were made to the Museum of the Hermitage, at Saint Petersburg,—two paintings of the Dutch

school; the *Christ and the Samaritan Woman*, of Rembrandt, from the Imperial *garde-meuble* of Tsarskoe-Selo; a Watteau; a Carofoglio; a fine example of the German painter Adam Elsheimer; and a large number of paintings of the French school from the Winter Palace.

THE ART OF THE MINOR EUROPEAN STATES

The painters of the minor States and dependencies of the multitudinous Austrian Empire give evidence, in their works, of various qualities which bring them closely in touch with those of other European schools, more especially the contemporary ones, and also of various national and local characteristics which serve to distinguish them,—and which yet may be claimed to be mere local variations and accents and not truly distinguishing and separating traits. As in all the lesser and poorer

civilized countries, the general average of technical equipment and artistic sensitiveness and imagination is apparently much lower, even in proportion to the much smaller number of practitioners, than in their greater and more fortunate neighbors, and yet in all, or nearly all, there may be found one, or two, or three, artists who rise to the most deserved eminence. The renown of Paris as a capital of the arts is, as we have already seen, due in considerable measure to the presence of these distinguished aliens, attracted by her glitter; and the Danubian States have furnished rather more than their due proportion of these. Of the great number who seek abroad, in older schools than their own, the means of completing their technical education, very many return to their own firesides, bringing with them the larger knowledge acquired from the foreigner by the aid of which they endeavor to create a personal and original art; the weaker brethren, naturally, remain mere imitators. Symbolism and Impressionism, roughly speaking, divide the field between them; the artists who cling to the older methods see their influence and the number of their followers gradually decreasing. There are two æsthetic tendencies and two ethical ones in presence of each other, and the newer, those of the younger men, seem destined to prevail. In Austria this is particularly true; the eminence of the national art in the present day is largely due to these younger men. It remains for them—if we adopt the doctrines of those who preach "the mission" of Art, the position which it should take in society—to bring it even more closely in sympathy with the life of the present day, its aspirations and its elevation.

"Art," says a recent writer on that of the whole Austrian Empire, M. Gérard de Lacaze-Duthiers, "should play a more intense rôle in the social question of the day. That which we demand of all, is an effort toward nature and toward life,—the sources of all art, the sole conventions from which we can never free ourselves,—it is a realizing of a social understanding and agreement by means of art, it is the taking possession

MARCO MURAT

ENTRY OF THE CZAR DOUCHAN
INTO RAGUSA IN DALMATIA

PHOTOGRAVURE

ENTRY OF THE CZAR PETER
INTO RUSSIA IN DANGER

of art by compassion and by charity. The mission of the young Austrian painters—as it is the mission of their brethren, the young writers—and of all the youth of our day—is to bring about the triumph of the new spirit, to proclaim the rights of the ideal against materialism, the rights of Justice against strength, the rights of the individual against the egotism of society." This is only a variation of that usual confusion of doctrine which makes of art an ethical and philanthropic institution, something between the pulpit and the criminal reformatory. That it has not necessarily any such mission is evident in the works of the best artists, ancient and modern; and the young Austrian, Slavic, and Czech artists are no exception to the rule. The maintaining of "the right of the ideal against matter" is undoubtedly obligatory,—else it were not art at all; but the tyranny of strength, and of Society, have been celebrated by great painters and sculptors, and possibly will be again,—in that idealizing manner which is artistic.

With this question of the mission of art there comes up that of the *genre*, the story-telling, the anecdotic, the "literary," as it used to be called,—alternately lauded as a just revolt against the academic and the *pompier*, as a return to nature and truth, and condemned as the production of a spirit plebeian and popular and therefore thoroughly alien to art. It was from Munich and Düsseldorf that the painters of eastern and southeastern Europe very largely drew their inspiration in the earlier years of this century; and it was to the English painter Hogarth, it is said, that this story-telling genre owed its origin. There are many arguments for it,—these painters were the first to abandon the mere copying of past methods and to endeavor to portray the contemporary man and his surroundings, the first to desert museums for nature. But to these conscientious preliminary studies it was found necessary to add something in order to secure a hearing—the public was as yet too insufficiently educated to appreciate art itself, it required something else, a narrative interest, a subject for the representation rather than the representation

itself, the matter rather than the manner. This natural result of technical ignorance, with which the English have been so abundantly reproached, and of which Ruskin was the great apostle, prevailed on the Continent with equal severity,—perhaps more in the German and Austrian States than in France,—and was not discouraged by the painters themselves, who found their own technical shortcomings condoned in favor of this alien interest, which was not artistic at all. It was further promoted by the Art Unions, which came into existence about 1828, and which substituted the popular vote as the Mæcenas of art in place of that small and refined society to which it had formerly looked for support and encouragement. It is related that Albrecht Adam, with whom originated the movement that founded the Munich Union, entertained serious doubts himself as to the ultimate advantages of this step. In his own words: "I have often asked myself whether I have done good or not by this scheme, and to this hour I have not been able to make up my mind. The cultivation of art clearly received an entirely different bias from that which it had in earlier days. What was formerly done by artistic and judicious connoisseurs was now placed for the most part in the hands of the people. Like so much else in the world, that had its advantage, but in practice the shady side of the matter became very obvious." The disadvantages to the painters themselves, sufficiently great, have, however, been overrated by the literary commentators, writing upon Art with certain fixed principles in their heads.

For example, it has been asserted broadly that no man can be painter and genre painter at the same time. The true painter sees his picture as a picture, objectively, without any idea in it; the anecdotic painter conceives of an idea and then plans out a picture that shall express it. This is only half true, or true of only certain individual artists,—the conception of a picture is by no means always such a simple and logical process, and the painter himself would frequently be puzzled to tell whether he had fitted the idea, the title, to his picture as he saw it, or the picture—the

ALFONS-MARIE MUCHA

TWILIGHT

PHOTOGRAVURE

arrangement, the composition, the color and tone—to the idea. It is even said that the color, etc., are inessential to the story-telling painting; that in his mosaic-work of getting together the appropriate models, costumes, accessories, etc., the pictorial quality, the unity and the quietude of the painter's work, will inevitably disappear. This is true, evidently, only of very inferior productions,—of those paintings which, as Heine said, "have been rather edited than painted." The error in this dogmatizing arises from the inability to perceive that, because the two qualities in the painter's temperament have no necessary connection one with the other, they may not nevertheless dwell together in perfect harmony, and even collaborate. The difficulty of reconciling this theory with the case of the great Dutch genre painters is overcome by claiming that the works of the latter were only "the bare empirical observation of surrounding reality." The danger which attends painting from one's inner consciousness, without the study of nature, is tangible enough; and it is true, generally, that good painting of the *morceau* is preferable to poor painting of fine subjects.

Apart from this, it is to be noticed that the anecdotic painting, the scenes from peasant life, etc., may take on a certain local color, variation of costume and surroundings, without being for all that really original. The Danubian painters, who had found their education and enlightenment in Munich, proved their gratitude, says Professor Muther, "by applying the principles of the Munich genre to Magyar subjects when they returned home. . . . But, setting aside the altered names and the altered locality and garb, the substance of these pictures is precisely the same as that of the Munich pictures of twenty years before,—dance and play, maternal happiness, wooing, and the invitation to the wedding. Instead of the *Schuhplattler*, they paint the Czarda; instead of the drover's cottage, the taverns of Pesth; instead of the blue Bavarian uniform, the green of the Magyar Hussars. Their painting is tokay adulterated with Isar water, or Isar water with a flavor of tokay. What

seems national is at bottom only their antiquated standpoint." These peculiarities have appeared in the rise of all the schools of art in these minor States, though at present it is thought that the Roumanian painters—excepting Kimon Loghi, one of the most distinguished—model themselves on the French, and those of Bulgaria, on the Russians. Those of Croatia and Slavonia, who display unexpected traits of originality and invention, and an intelligent search for color, are more difficult to locate. Croatia is to-day considered to be suffering from the brusque and artificial manner of its development, national, literary, and artistic,—this renaissance dating from its political emancipation in 1830. During the Middle Ages, almost no trace of an art can be discovered in Croatia and Slavonia apart from the Cinquecento painters, Julio Clavio, Medulic, and the priest Mathias of Miletince, and the admirable miniatures executed by the monks in the silence of the monasteries.

In the national awakening, it was literature, stimulated by the general movement throughout Illyria, which preceded in its first efforts, and by a considerable lapse of time, the development of art. One of the very first names on its roll of honor is that of the poet Ljudevit Gaj, who, like most of the writers of the day, occupied himself actively with politics. But this development was arrested by the events of 1848, which delivered Croatia to the Austrian rule; and the necessity of choosing between the party of the government, necessarily hostile to the popular aspirations, and the clerical party, which pretended to encourage them for the sake of making use of them, had the effect of driving all these independent thinkers out of politics. A review founded at Vienna, *Mladost*, Youth or *La Jeunesse*, and devoted almost exclusively to the contemporary art of foreign countries, brought them together for a short space of time; but presently, opposed with all the means at their disposal by the clergy, this organ of the cosmopolitan "moderns" was obliged to suspend publication. Enough of its influence survived to transform in a measure the old review of Croatia, the *Vienac*, and to open its columns to

ADOLF HIRÉMY-HIRSCHL

APHRODITE

PHOTOGRAVURE

these newer writers. The names of these are soon given, the most important being the novelist and essayist, Sandor-Xaver Gjalski,—his *Biography of an Excellency*, depicting the miserable existence of the Croatian officials, being suppressed by the Austrian government. The "modern" novelist is Janko Leskovar, a psychologist touched with pessimism, and who, it is claimed, can sustain comparison with the greatest of contemporary writers; a less aspiring novelist is Vjenceslav Novak, and the oldest of these writers of fiction is Josip Kozarac. The drama is represented by Srgjan Tacic, who belongs to the group of "Young Croatians," enthusiasts who wish to import bodily into their national literature the "modern" art of Paris, and who, consequently, frequently allow to be perceived too plainly in their works the foreign influence, the naturalism pushed to extremes, the exaggerations and the other imperfections. Lyric poetry is represented by the Bosnian Silvije Str. Krajncevic; and this literature, so little known, of a people of some twenty million souls, attracted the attention of Goethe. Thanks to the Paris Exposition, and the universal language of art, the painters and the sculptors are known and appreciated by a wider public.

The first name on their list is that of Ferdinand Quiquever, who died in 1893, and who—leaving out of consideration the foreign painters who had established themselves at Zagreb and Osiek, without initiating any definite artistic movement—was the very first to be appreciated by his countrymen. Following the general movement of his day, he chose for his subjects generally patriotic incidents in the national history, or those taken from the life of the people, though he had finished his studies at Venice, and not at Munich. Afterward, he sojourned some time at the court of Montenegro before establishing himself at Zagreb. His contemporary, Nikola Macic, a better painter, was a pupil of Lindenschmidt at Munich and of Bouguereau at Paris, and is to-day professor at the school of the arts and trades at Zagreb. In his technique, he is considered to manifest a love for tender color, and to have an excellent feeling for

effects of light and air, to be simple and true in his compositions, and to be a realist, but not in the modern sense. His single exhibit in the Exposition, a garden scene, is sunny, but somewhat hard. A much more important name is that of Vlaho Bukovac, which represents a vital factor in the contemporary art of the country and a painter of great initiative, courage, and talent. He has been known only for some ten years; after a sufficiently varied career in America, he went to Paris and entered the atelier of Cabanel, famous for the number of distinguished artists among its graduates. "His predilection for the nude is still a reminiscence of that period,—in all that he produces there is a fulness of life and vigor, but it is, above all, his portraits that have procured him his reputation. On his arrival at Zagreb, he found there a number of painters full of good intentions, and he promptly brought them together into a society of Croatian artists, the *Drustvo hroatskih umjetnikah*, which became the centre of the artistic movement of Croatia-Slavonia. The government encouraged the movement, and erected studios at the public expense; the artists received commissions,—in the first place, for the *salle d'honneur* of the department of worship and public instruction of the administration. The restoration, or the construction, of several churches (at Sarayevo, Krizevac, and Pozega) furnished the young painters with opportunities to develop their talents. Being, nearly all of them, pupils of the Academies of Vienna and of Munich, they began with the conventional formulas. But Bukovac soon inspired them with other ideas. Although he had been a pupil of Cabanel, he had felt the influence rather of Millet, Manet, and Deguis. Enamored of the *plein-air*, he overthrew the conventional formulas. In Paris, he had worked principally for Russia and America. Returned to his own country, he sought his subjects in the history of Croatia."

His nine paintings in the little gallery devoted to the Croatian, Slavonic, and Dalmatian artists at the Exposition, and which have secured for him a silver medal, bear witness to his versatility and his talent. His

portraits, to judge by the two here shown, one of them being that of an official in a Hungarian gala costume, are scarcely his best works, notwithstanding the opinion of his countrymen. Much better, as examples of technique and of true artistic sentiment, are two small landscapes with figures, on the sea-beach, one, some nude bathers in "the last rays of the sun," and the other, an early twilight, both of them charming in color and light and atmospheric values. Of his more purely imaginative works, less interesting are his *Clythia*, or *Klitia*, a kneeling nude figure, and the *Dante in Paradise*, a courageous attempt to paint a vision in a sort of crimson mist, pierced only by the electric lights around the heads of the angels. A much more successful study in warm lights, red and orange, is the large canvas of Eve weeping over the prostrate body of Abel, the figures illumined from one side, in the gathering darkness, by the dying light from the sacrificial fires. In the corner, in the obscurity, may be perceived the kneeling figure of Adam. *My Nest* shows a mother and her children on the floor; the *Ikaro*, or *Icarus*, fallen to the bottom of the sea, and seen through the green sea-water, is again a good color study, and not wanting in a certain style and imaginative power. In this little gallery, peculiarly interesting in proportion to the small number of

exhibits, this is the strongest demonstration of original talent and good workmanship.

Another of these enterprising painters, who break away from the conventionalities without falling into exaggerations, is Oton Iveković, who renders national subjects by preference and is considered to be realistic in his methods, though his single canvas here, of a mother with her child, very good in color, in grays and reds, is scarcely to be so qualified. Ivan Tisov enjoys the reputation of being a good water-colorist, but is represented by two paintings in oil, both of them decorative in composition, *Astronomy* and *Instruction.* The latter, an oblong panel with semicircular ends, is a good example of the academic and the conventional inspired with a new breath of life while maintaining all its dignity and style,—a bearded personage, possibly the Saviour, sits at one end of a table with a child at His knee, and His listeners are grouped around Him in the manner best calculated to fill the space, to give sufficient variety, and at the same time to be plausible, human, and acceptable. Among the so-called impressionists are classed Béla Csikós, Ferdo Kovacević, and Robert Auer, but their impressionism is of a very discreet type. Csikós, or Cikos, began by being purely academical, but fell under the influence of Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, and Henri Martin, and by thus discreetly varying the sources of his inspiration avoided the danger of imitation. His two paintings are much more interesting as experiments than as completed works, being vague and diaphanous in atmosphere and yet vivid in color,—in one, Athene kisses Psyche in a misty green land, and in the other, some white-robed mourners gather around the tomb of *Innocentia* under a red twilight sky that changes the half lights to pale purples and violets. Kovacević's landscapes are delicate and decorative in color,—of the two here, the *Abandoned Cemetery*, seen in subdued light under a pale clear sky, renders very justly the sentiment of the subject. Very good also are the two canvases of Robert Auer, low toned and yet luminous,—a decorative arrangement of two

FERENCZ EISENHUT

MARKET-FAIR IN TIFLIS

PHOTOGRAVURE

girls, *Friends*, in white and with dark hair, on a long divan, and a nude figure in the mist, beautiful in the grays. These are all distinctly painter's pictures, in which the incident, more or less slight as the case may be, is presented with sufficient "story-telling" clearness without in the least interfering with the effectiveness and charm of the technical rendering.

Another interesting exhibit in this little gallery, which forms a sort of pendant to that of Hungary, is that of the ex-priest Célestin Medović, who first attracted attention by an immense canvas of a *Bacchanal*. At present, he seems to have quite other aspirations, and his individuality is manifest in his search for a certain misty quality of color and light. This is most evident in his two panels of the Annunciation, the heads only of the Virgin and of a very boyish and declamatory archangel, carrying his lily over his shoulder. There is also a head of Saint Hieronymus, more solidly painted, against a yellowish background; a seated, half-nude figure of Saint Jerome, reading peacefully by the side of a pile of huge tomes, his lion in the background; and a gray landscape, a cemetery. These are the most eminent representatives of the artistic community which has established itself at Zagreb, and which includes not only the native residents, but also artists who have acquired a reputation abroad. One of the most valuable members is the Baroness Anka Löwenthal-Maroicié, a portrait painter, who exhibits in Paris only an engraving, and who has extended substantial encouragement to more than one rising young painter. Among those thus associated with the movement inaugurated by Bukovac are Bauer and his wife, of Zagreb, Ivan Bauer of Munich, Padavic of Fiume, Filip of Munich, and Alexander of Paris,—so that the artistic life of the Croatian capital is considered to possess all the elements of durability and of future development. An important factor in this movement is the review published by the Society of Croatian Artists at Zagreb, and entitled *Zivot*, Life; the activity of the Society finds efficient support in the liberality and encouragement of the Ban, Count

Khuen-Héderváry, and in a very general interest which seems to have been awakened throughout the nation.

Two or three sculptors are also entitled to honorable mention in this little, but certainly promising, contemporary school,—the most talented being Robert Franges, professor in the school of arts and trades at Zagreb, and who completed his studies in Vienna. His work covers a sufficiently wide range, and in all of it appear evidences of good training and of originality; his reputation was first established by his reliefs, *Justitia* and *Meditia*, and by his Sokcevié monument at Osiek. Of his seven exhibits in the Exposition, the most desirable are his medals, very spirited in design and execution, without detail; there is also a handsome silver gilt and jewelled hammer which is carried out in very good style and without any of the extravagances which spoil so much of the modern industrial art. Of his figures, a curious force of expression is conveyed in the seated, nude figure of a young girl with her head on her knees; there is a good decorative relief; a truly decorative arrangement in plaster, for a fountain, with a head surmounting a tall shaft, and even a clever little study of a bull. Many a famous sculptor, with an international reputation and a string of medals, cannot show a collection surpassing this, in all of which right feeling and good taste and sculptural style are eminent. Ivan Rendić, Dalmatian by birth, who completed his studies in Italy, has executed a number of portrait busts and also some important monuments, as that of Gundulié at Zagreb and of Kacié at Makarska; Rudolphe Valdec, graduate of the Munich schools, also a portrait sculptor, is represented at the Exposition by two of these busts, by some medallions in plaster, and by two large statuettes, seated youths with the too-small heads of convention, typifying Sculpture and Painting.

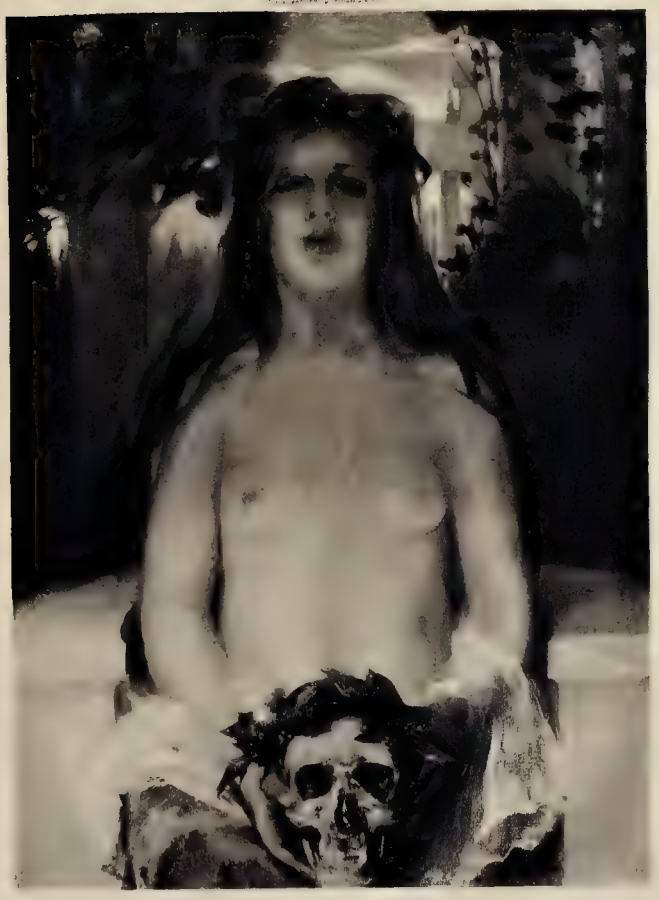
The exhibition of the Roumanian painters and sculptors, more important as to numbers, is much less so as to artistic interest, and indeed the troubled history of these principalities is not one in which the arts of refinement and peace might be expected to be found flourishing. Long

KIMON LOGHI

"POST MORTEM LAUREATUS"

PHOTOGRAVURE

"POST MORTEM LAUREATUS"



the scene of the most active intrigues of the Anglo-Austrian-French alliance against Russia's Eastern policy, the unhappy country had to suffer from both friends and enemies. After more than five years of constant effort, the great Muscovite power secured, in 1831, an exclusive protectorate, under pretext of defending Moldo-Wallachia against Ottoman domination. But to this paternal care the Roumanians objected vehemently, struggling for their own language and their own nationality, led by the same reformers and patriots who were combating for the literary and artistic revival. The reigning prince, Georges Bibesco, was forced to sign a project for a constitution completely overthrowing the existing régime, and to select a ministry from the very bosom of the revolutionary committee; the Russian consul quitted the country; Bibesco abdicated and retired into Transylvania, leaving the revolutionists masters of the field. All the great ideas of liberty and equality, civil and political, were proclaimed, and a new era seemed dawning, when the Turco-Russian armies entered the principality to suppress this provisional government, accused of being socialistic in its tendencies. The treaty of Balta-Liman, in 1849, imposed upon the country a prince, Ghyka, for a period of seven years, but at the expiration of his reign the Porte refused to recognize the provisory government of three officials, provided for such an occasion by the Russian convention of Akerman of 1826, and appointed a governor, Balche, with princely prerogatives. His unexpected death threw the question open again; the Moldavian unionists, whose object was to bring about a fusion of the principalities and the election of a foreign prince, renewed their protestations, but the Porte, by an exercise of arbitrary power, put up the provisional governorship, the *caïmacamie*, at auction. There was no lack of candidates, and the highest bidder proved to be Nicolas Vogoridès, ex-bey of Samos, a blind instrument of the Turkish policy of repression. The unionists appealed to the European powers, but their only sincere friend appeared to be Napoleon III, who, at an interview at Osborne with Queen Victoria and the Prince

Consort, pleaded their cause, and was answered by the Prince that the union of the principalities would be the beginning of the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. The Emperor yielded, requiring only that the fraudulent elections held under the active interference of Vogoridès should be annulled, and others held in their place. In these, the will of the people at length triumphed, the governor withdrew his opposition, and the union of Moldavia and Wallachia was effected, in 1856, under the Moldavian prince, Alexander John I. Couza, the treaty rights of the Porte being respected. This event, so long desired, if it has not brought to the tormented country all the benefits anticipated, has at least set it greatly forward in the paths of culture and peace.

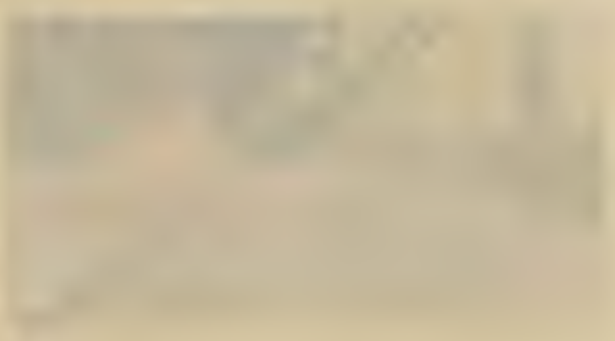
Of the painters, the most talented is Kimon Loghi, "poet and colorist," who exhibits at Paris three canvases,—a very good study of an *Orientale;* a serene and melancholy rendering of Iphigenia in Tauris, sitting on the edge of the sea with the moon rising among the trees behind her,—the whole set in a handsome silver frame with Greek mouldings and lettering; and an upright, very beautiful in color and tone, of a young girl holding in her lap a skull crowned with a wreath of laurel, *Post Mortem Laureatus.* This artist is located in Munich, where he has learned the secrets of his professional technique,—his native inspiration he probably brought with him. Of the three paintings by Strambulesco, also of Munich, much the most able is the cheerful and sunny street scene, in which the red parasol of the lady in the foreground strikes a brilliant decorative note quite in the clever Parisian manner. Nicolas Grant, a pupil of Gérôme, exhibits three or four canvases, landscapes and figures, sunny, or pale in tone; Verona Gargouromin, the same number, including a large floating figure typifying Hope, and a landscape, the port of Braïla, which is very well painted. Dimitri Serafim, a pupil of Henner, Gérôme, and Tony Robert-Fleury, and located in Paris, sends a life-size figure of the chaste Susanna at her bath, which is better than his nun in prayer. Of the strictly national themes, the largest and most

LAJOS MARK

THE SIRENS' NEST

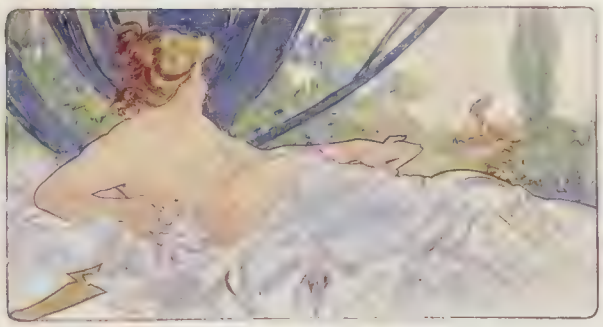
PHOTOGRAVURE

THE SWALLOWS' NEST



[illegible] is Nicolae Vermont's allegory of Fortune distributing [illegible]

painter is also Paris-trained, but his work is not [illegible] renderings of such themes as the mythically ancient Nicolae Grigorescu illustrates in a large canvas, with a [illegible] of color, an old legend in which the wickedly put away [illegible] princess reappears supernaturally in the royal court with [illegible] hair shining mysteriously; and Nicolae Tattarescu, also of Paris, another fairy story, the *Coronation of the Beautiful Infant of the Two* [illegible] literally. In fact, the [illegible] ing and childless queen kisses [illegible] feet on the face of the *Mother Ordessa*, and because of [illegible] of her wishes are granted. The [illegible] exhibiting here are [illegible] number, the most interesting [illegible] scarcely any one of whose works is good in quality. They [illegible] pupils of these [illegible] and with conventional [illegible] *Fantasy*, [illegible] a [illegible] violet, a little figure poised on the shell of a [illegible] –but every one [illegible] evidence of something more than a [illegible] of originality and talent. [illegible] sculptor was received [illegible] One of the best known of [illegible] Romanian



pretentious is Michel Simonidy's allegory of Fortune distributing her favors to Roumania, as the result of the national independence. This painter is also Paris-trained, but his work is not more convincing than renderings of such themes as this generally are. Nicolas Gropeans illustrates in a large canvas, with a good deal of color, an old legend in which the wickedly put away little princelings reappear supernaturally in the royal court with their golden hair shining mysteriously; and Nicolas Tintoreanu, also of Paris, another fairy story, the *Conception of the Beautiful Infant of the Tear*, to translate literally. In this, the mourning and childless queen kisses the painted tear on the face of the *Mater Dolorosa*, and because of this pious act her wishes are gratified. The sculptors exhibiting here are eight in number, the most interesting being F. Storck, every one of whose seven works is good in quality. They are all bronzes, some of them quite small, and with conventional titles,—*Temptation*, *Innocence*, a clown, an athlete, a little figure poised on the shell of a snail, a *Reflection*, an *Eve*,—but every one giving evidence of something more than a spark of originality and talent. This sculptor has received a silver medal. One of the best known of the Roumanian

sculptors, Jean Georgesco, Professor of the School of Art at Bucharest, died in 1899.

The Bulgarian painters, as we have seen, have been accused of being unduly influenced by the Russians, but they have sought their technical training, with singular liberality, at all the great schools of Europe,—in the Academies of Turin, Venice, Prague, Munich, Florence, Vienna, and in the ateliers of some of the most distinguished Parisian artists. There are only eleven of them that appear in the Grand Palais, with twenty-five canvases, and the number of sculptors is three, with an even smaller number of works. This contemporary school is also one of the newest, the troubled chronicles of the principality being too full of wars and rapine and political disturbances to have any pages to spare for the finer arts of life. Subjected to the Turks in the last years of the fourteenth century, Bulgaria may be said to have had no history until the middle of the nineteenth. Its people made themselves heard in the earlier years of the present century by their determined resistance to the domination of the Greek clergy, and again in 1876 by the insurrections, crushed with such bloody severity as to lead to the great Russo-Turkish war. The treaty of Berlin, of 1878, established a sort of semi-independence for the two provinces of Bulgaria and East Roumelia lying directly south of it; in 1885, the governor appointed by the Sultan was driven from Plodif (Philippopolis), and the two provinces were united in one. Unfortunately, the high hopes formed from the accession of Prince Alexander of Battenberg were not destined to be realized; then followed the events of recent date,—the war with Servia, the regency of Stamboulov and his unceasing animosity to Russia, the accession of Prince Ferdinand of Cobourg, the assassination of Stamboulov, and the final reconciliation with Russia through the baptizing of the infant crown prince, Boris, into the Greek Church. In all this, the arts played but little part; nevertheless, there are good painters and able sculptors in the unlucky little country. Of the former, the most notable are Stephen von Forcade, Antoine Mittoff, and Nicolas Michaïloff,—the

first named is a successful landscape painter, exhibiting a sunny stretch of country near Sofia; and Mittoff paints street scenes, such as a Bazaar at Sofia, good in the treatment of the whites. Michaïloff is a figure painter, with a touch of imagination and very learned and vigorous technical methods. His *Dance of the Nymphs* and *Prisoner of the Nymphs*—the latter painted with a sureness and decision of touch that would be remarkable in any school—are by no means the canvases to be expected in such a locality as this. This artist was nevertheless born at Shumla, but he was a pupil of the Munich Academy, and lives in that capital. Forcade, on the contrary, resides in Sofia, and received his training in the atelier of Jacquesson de la Chevreuse. The most prominent exhibitor is Ivan Mrkvicka, pupil of the Academies of Prague and Munich, and resident of Sofia; for his eleven canvases he has received a gold medal from the obliging jury. These canvases cover a great variety of subjects, landscapes, historical scenes, the national Bulgarian dance in an inn, two portraits of the Princess of Bulgaria, one of them very large, throned, with a painted Madonna rising behind her, as though a special protectress. Of the sculptors, Boris Chatz and Geko Spiridonoff exhibit a number of works each,—the former occupying himself chiefly with popular subjects, studies of the people and of various types, a Russian soldier holding a baby, a street musician, *A Youth Whistling*, and some large medals. Spiridonoff is represented principally by portrait busts and by a very well modelled, life-size statue of a nude nymph. The first named is a Russian by birth, but resident in Sofia, a pupil of Antokolsky and Cormon; the latter, also resident in Sofia, was born at Shumla, and was a pupil of the Munich Academy.

In these countries bordering on the Austrian and Turkish empires, squeezed between them both, and sometimes escaping the tyranny of the one only to fall under the somewhat milder rule of the other, the lines of nationality frequently become difficult to trace, and the Exposition classification pays but little attention to boundaries. In the Austrian

galleries are included a number of artists who have made their fame or taken their residence elsewhere, or who were born in its outlying dependencies. Among the most widely known of these are the two Parisian illustrators, Ludek Marold, born in Prague, and therefore a Bohemian, and Alfons-Marie Mucha, born at Eibenschitz, or Ivancia, in Moravia. The former returned to his birthplace to die, very early in the year 1899, at the premature age of thirty-four; the productions of his possibly not very robust, but certainly graceful, fertile, and most ingenious talent, are known to all the civilized world. His output was enormous, and yet never seemed to suffer in quality in consequence; among the more important of the authors whom he illustrated were Daudet, Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, and André Theuriet. In the Grand Palais, he is represented only by two illustrations, a wash drawing and a water-color. Mucha, who has enjoyed the reputation of having been discovered by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and who certainly owes a very considerable portion of his good fortune to her, was born in 1860; unlike Marold, than whom he has both risen higher and fallen lower, his work has

MIKLÓS LIGETI

ADAM AND EVE

Group in Tinted Marble and Bronze

PHOTOGRAVURE

undoubtedly suffered from overproduction. His best, however, has been so good,—so picturesque, inventive, and forceful in his illustrations, so truly decorative and original in the best of his *affiches*,—that he has attained an international reputation and been dignified by volumes of comment and eulogy. Like all designers for posters,—that new art manifestation which is responsible for so very much, both good and bad,—his repertory has limits, and he has lived to see his decorative art qualified by erstwhile admiring Parisian critics as "ingenious, but very monotonous." In his illustrations, all his methods and processes are totally different, a fine mediæval flavor manifests itself, a dramatic power frequently, and an apparently inexhaustible invention and adaptability.

Nevertheless, he underwent the familiar hard apprenticeship,—ten years of poverty and struggle in Paris, after two years of the same fare in Munich, where he studied in the Academy, and then in Vienna. According to the story told, he finally quitted the French capital in despair, to return to his native country, but his funds became exhausted before arriving at his destination, and he was obliged to leave the railway at a little Moravian village. There he excited the interest of the innkeeper's wife, who bethought herself of the great man of the province, Count Khuen Emmasof, who was renovating and restoring the castle of his ancestors. This nobleman was delighted to find so skilful a decorator; the artist executed for his walls no less than thirty compositions, devoted to the games and sports of all ages and all countries. Then, provided by his benefactor with a modest pension, which would enable him to live, he took his way back to Paris. This was in 1890. For four years more he attended the schools, Julian's, Lefebvre's, Boulanger's, and Jean-Paul Laurens's. Then, one fine day, happening to be in the office of Lemercier et Cie., M. Brunhoff, the director, was called up by telephone by the director of the Renaissance theatre to state whether he could furnish an affiche for Madame Bernhardt's *Gismonda*, wanted immediately. Mucha, being on the spot, was given the commission, the work was pressed in

such hurry that there was not time to finish the lithographic stone at the bottom of the poster, but the great tragedienne was so pleased with the result, and with the promptness, that she resolved to give all her future work to the artist,—and his fortune was made.

These posters, designed for the actress in her later rôles, *Gismonda*, *Lorenzaccio*, *la Dame aux Camélias*, and most especially the latest, *Medée*, in which for the first time he has risen to tragic power in this class of work, and his two affiches for the *Salon des Cent*, are probably among the finest examples of pure decorative design in modern times. The purity of the line, the style and balance of the composition, and the beauty and richness of the color, have justly given the artist his rank among the first. The Parisians, in their chauvinism, still speak of Chéret and Grasset as the *rois de l'affiche*, but the former has practically never executed anything but variations of his one design, and the latter has swamped the comparatively few truly distinguished posters he has executed in the multitude of uninteresting ones. It must be said, however, that Mucha, if he has not repeated himself to the same extent, has also perpetrated a great number of examples of "monotonous ingenuity,"—as in his series of nine labored designs for the Lord's Prayer, exhibited in the Austrian pavilion at the Exposition. His industry is one of his most remarkable qualities,—the upper walls, around the gallery, of the pavilion of Bosnia-Herzegovina are covered with immense crowded compositions from his brush, illustrating the history of Bosnia from the most ancient times, under the Roman empire and the Ottoman, carefully finished, and almost every detail outlined. In the Grand Palais, he exhibits, in the section of the Austrian artists living in Paris, in addition to his two decorative water-colors of *Morning* and *Evening*, a series of designs for the months, with all his mannerisms; a very allegorical design, *Das Weib*, an immense nude female figure, adored by a multitude of worshippers on their knees, and also a bronze bust of *Nature*, with gilded ear-rings, a porphyry ornament on her head, and the familiar decorative arrangement

SYMEON SABBIDES

"CHEKERDJI"

PHOTOGRAVURE

of ringlets and spirals of all his designs. His biographers quote, as one of his titles to immortality, the following letter from his most illustrious patroness, which he printed at the head of the published catalogue of his works:

"FEBRUARY 1, 1897.

"*Mon bien cher Mucha:*

"You ask me to present you to the Parisian public. Well, dear friend, take my advice,—exhibit your works; they will speak for you, I know my dear Parisian public. The delicacy of your design, the originality of your compositions, the admirable color of your affiches and your paintings, all that will charm it, and after your exhibition I predict for you Fame.

"*Mes deux mains dans les vôtres, mon cher Mucha.*

"SARAH BERNHARDT."

Among the artists thus brought under the all-comprehensive Austrian flag are others, some of whose works we have already seen in those galleries. One of the most notable is Hirémy-Hirschl, who also figures in the official Hungarian catalogue, and who indeed was born at Temesvar, in southern Hungary, and who is located in Rome at the present day. His large painting in the Hungarian section disappeared in the very first days of the Exposition and was seen no more,—possibly because it had been sold, as it was catalogued *à vendre*. This is something of a loss to the later visitors, for the picture, which offered sufficient contrast to his *Acheron* in the Austrian galleries, is pleasanter in color and theme and a very good example of the subtle modulations of good flesh painting. His subject is but a repetition of the famous *Venus* of Cabanel, floating on her blue natal waves of the Mediterranean, and this Aphrodite, quite as supple and languid as that of the French master, is drifting nearer land on the curling breakers to which she confides her fair body with an assurance not given to mortals. A very different talent is that of Tivadar

Zemplényi, born at Eperjes, in northern Hungary, on the slopes of the Carpathians, and domiciled in Budapest; this painter concerns himself with the life of the people and not of the gods, and finds abundant opportunity for the utmost skill of the painter in these humble themes,—the hearthstone of the poor; an old woman contemplating doubtfully a much worn garment whose restoration is scarcely possible or advisable; a pew in a church occupied by a young woman and an old one, the face of the latter a beautiful rendering of character and expression. Here again, it is the excellence of the technique which enhances the "story-telling" qualities, instead of infringing upon them. Gyula Tornai, also Hungarian born, is an Orientalist, depicting the bric-a-brac of the East with prodigious ingenuity of costuming and arranging, and a minuteness of finish that descends even to the polish of the finger-nails. Of his two canvases at the Exposition, the smaller gives the deprecatory gesture of a dusky player caught cheating at the game, and the larger, the familiar old theme of the distressed white women captives of swarthy pirates. If such pirates as these never existed, excepting in artists' studios, it is so much the more to regret. Equally industrious and somewhat more plausible is Ferencz Eisenhut, also claimed by the Hungarians, though he paints the market place at Tiflis in Russian Trans-Caucasia, in Munich,—merchants, wrestlers, drinkers, dancers, idlers, and all. The amount of incident and detail in this crowded composition is quite wonderful. One of the most amusing works of pure imagination is furnished by the Budapest sculptor Miklós Ligeti,—an infantile group of *Adam and Eve* in white marble under a green marble tree. The sought-for quaintness and naïveté of this work are very well realized. He also exhibits a marble statuette of Eve on, or with, a rock, not so characteristic or interesting.

The principal artistic demonstration of those rainy mountain countries, Bosnia and Herzegovina, at the Exposition is their pavilion, which is one of the most picturesque and interesting of any of those of the

THEODORE RALLI

BAD NEWS; GREECE, 1897

PHOTOGRAVURE

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...native costume, and practical demonstrations of some of the principal arts and industries, carpet weaving, basket-making and inlaying in wood and metal, hammering, and chasing of metal-work, embroidery, cigarette making, etc. Since the occupation by Austria, by means of the ... Berlin, which pertains to the period of Turkish ... ...

... has ... to material prosperity. Schools of art and ... trades, trade-unions, and co-operative societies have all been benefited. In addition to the ... four walls of the upper gallery by Mucha, already referred to, that ... artist has also furnished ... sculptur ...

PHANOMENAS THOMOPOULOS — ODALISQUE

minor States, and indeed is even more worthy of a visit than those of one or two of the great nations,—such as that of the United States of America. In both its exterior and interior arrangements this building, semi-mediæval and semi-Oriental, has been planned to present an epitome of the national history and progress,—from the early period of the constant warfare with the Turks, and the fortified castles with loop-holes and projecting battlements, to the more peaceful times with balconies, large arched openings and airy colonnades, the whole green with climbing plants. Within may be seen artisans and merchants in native costumes, and practical demonstrations of some of the principal arts and industries, carpet weaving, damaskeening and inlaying, in wood and metal, hammering and chiselling of metal-work, embroidery, cigarette making, etc. Since their occupation by Austria, by virtue of the treaty of Berlin, which put an end to the period of Turkish oppression, these long harassed provinces have made great progress in moral and intellectual development and in financial prosperity. Schools of art and of the artistic trades have been established, and have prospered; agriculture, transportation, and commerce have all been benefited. In addition to the decoration of the four walls of the upper gallery by Mucha, already referred to, that industrious artist has also furnished the sculptural

decorations for this central hall;—the largest of the three bays of the portico on the ground-floor is ornamented with a large painting, or diorama, of the city of Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, lit by concealed electric lights, and executed by the painter Adolf Kaufmann, of Vienna. There is also a sculptor exhibiting in connection with the school of decorative arts of Sarajevo, Henri Kautsch, born at Prague, and living in Paris.

In the Grand Palais, the exhibition of paintings and sculpture by Servia scarcely justifies the former reputation of this people as ranking among the most gifted and promising members of the Slavic family. The ancient glories of the nation are revived in two very large historical canvases, both of them somewhat thin and flat in color, but one at least well composed and designed, and both celebrating the greatest ruler in their history, the Tsar Douchan, or Stephen Dushan, who came to the throne in 1336, and reigned for twenty years. He was of the dynasty founded by Stephen Nemanja, in 1165, at the end of a struggle of a hundred years against the hated Turks; and during this dynasty the country attained its highest degree of power and prosperity. Douchan extended its borders till it included the whole of Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, northern Greece, and Bulgaria. Thirty-three years after his death, however, it fell under the sway of the Sultan Bajazet. One of these canvases represents the triumphal entry of the Servian monarch into Ragusa, on the shores of the Adriatic, landing on the quay under a canopy carried over his head, welcomed by the clergy and the people, preceded by little girls, in white, scattering flowers, etc., etc.,—the whole under a brilliant summer sky. A certain awkwardness and sincerity characterize the composition and the design, and it is quite possible that the scene may have actually taken place much in this manner. The painter, Marco Murat, is a native of Ragusa, and lives in Belgrade; his three other canvases are portraits, and a study of a young peasant girl. Much more artful and imposing—almost *too* artful and decorative in composition—is

the second great painting, also by an artist resident in Belgrade, Paul Ivanovitch, the coronation of this monarch, at Scoplia. Robed and crowned, attended by his queen and his little son, he emerges from the cathedral door through clouds of incense and between files of men-at-arms; the venerable clergy bow before him, the herald precedes him with the proclamation of a new reign and between pages carrying his helmet and a great volume, and his warriors acclaim him with banners and swords. It is a very fine restoration of mediæval pomp, and if the painter's color were only as sound as his drawing, the picture would be quite worthy of any of the great historical museums. For his four canvases, of which this is much the most important, he has been awarded a gold medal. There are several other paintings in this collection devoted to incidents in the past records of the nation,—less interesting to foreigners than to Servians; two of the largest and apparently most interesting being by Risto Voucanovitch and commemorating "the Dahis," one of them a fire-lit scene, but the paintings are so dark, and hung in a corner in such very bad light, that it is difficult to make much out of them. More interesting is the *Reverie*, in red lamplight, of Madame Bety Voucanovitch. Pierre Vucetitch exhibits a number of heads and portraits that demonstrate something more than the average technical accomplishments,—especially his portrait of a lady, looking at the spectator with speculative eyes. His *Hatred and Madness*, the study of a maniac clutching a skull, is disagreeably well done, and his other *Study*, of a nude woman nursing her breasts, equally so. He has also executed a witches' Sabbath revel, slender naked figures dancing in the night-time, but which is rather a collection of "academies" than a realization of the subject.

Of the three sculptors exhibiting, one, Georges Yvanovitch, has received a gold medal for his five works, or for his reputation; of the former, the largest and most important is a monument to Kossavo, which one at least of the Parisian critics hails as "bearing the impress of grandeur." To other observers it will appear to be, rather, conventional

in its effect; there is a figure at the top of the shaft, accompanied by a Victory, and seated allegorical figures at the base of the shaft. The sculptor's other exhibits are portrait busts and medals.

Upon Greece it would seem that the shadow of her too-illustrious inheritance still rested, and that neither in war nor in the arts was eminence again to be hers,—though it is seventy years since the great powers of Europe broke her Turkish fetters and set her up as an independent kingdom. At the Exposition, her exhibit of painting and sculpture is even largely confounded with that of other minor nations in the special pavilion on the south bank of the Seine; in the Grand Palais, only some three or four painters are represented. The national pavilion stands on the Quai d'Orsay, near those of Sweden and Servia, and reproduces, with some modifications of the details, the church of Saint Theodore in Athens, constructed in the most interesting period of Byzantine architecture, in the eleventh century. The general plan of the edifice is square, in the form of a Greek cross, the four arms of equal length, and a low octagonal cupola rising at their intersection. On the exterior are open porticoes. Though of so ancient a model, the building is really an example of the modern steel cage construction, the walls, of red bricks alternating in layers with blue enamelled bricks, masking this metal frame-work. The intent is to take it down after the close of the Exposition and ship it to Athens, where it will be reërected to serve as a gallery for the annual exhibitions of painting and sculpture. In the interior, the exhibits are largely composed of the productions of the country, marbles from the famous quarries, woods, cereals, and dried grapes, and wines, oils, leathers, and silks. It had been hoped to make an unique exhibition of some of the more recently discovered examples of the ancient art, more particularly of those from the excavation at Delphi, but the law is explicit in forbidding the exportation of these treasures, even temporarily, and the Government was not disposed to violate it. The art exhibit of the nation is thus confined exclusively to the paintings,

PAUL MATHIOPOULOS

THE ARTIST'S MODEL

Pastel

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sculpture, medallions, and a very few examples of architectural design, of the moderns.

Of these, only three or four, the painters Theodore Ralli and Georges Jacobides, and the sculptors Georges Bonnanos and Georges Vroutos, may be said to enjoy anything like an international reputation. All four of them, for example, were represented at the Paris Exposition

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Universelle of 1889, and Vroutos and Ralli also at that of 1878. Ralli, who was born in Constantinople of Greek parents, received a silver medal in 1889, and a *Mention Honorable* at the Salon four years before, and is consequently Hors Concours; Jacobides and Bonnanos, or Bounanos, bronze medals in 1889. Of these exhibitors, Madame Marie Cassavetti, sculptor, pupil of Rodin and Legros, and a resident of Paris, was also awarded a bronze medal in 1889. Her work, which includes three plaster groups,

one of them of Venus and the dying Adonis, a marble bust and some medals, exhibits technical skill but no distinguishing style. At the Exposition of 1878, much the most important exhibit of sculpture—some twenty-eight pieces, marble portrait busts, grand bas-reliefs, of Homer, Hippocrates, and Socrates, and a marble group of the apotheosis of Homer—was made by Kossos, laureate at the first sculpture competition opened in Athens, in 1845, and at one time professor in the Polytechnic School of that city. The antique themes, as is but natural, appear very frequently in the works of these moderns,—Vroutos, in addition to many busts,—of Achilles, Paris, Aurora, etc.,—has executed in marble a statue of Cupid breaking his bow, a relief in plaster for a pediment of the Olympian Games, and four bas-reliefs of all the gods of Olympus. Bonnanos is less exclusively classic, though he works in Athens,—he has carved a *Paris* and a *Greek Slave*, but also a *Nana*, and a bas-relief of the *Triumph of Diplomacy*,—a subject which certainly would never have suggested itself to one of his illustrious ancestors. These sculptors reside mostly either in Athens or Paris,—Bonnanos, Caracatsanis, Célaïditi, Moussis, and Vroutos in the former capital, and Cassavetti, Krinos, and Sochos in the latter.

Ralli is a graduate of the Gérôme atelier, and something of that master's precision of design and dryness of color appear in his numerous genre paintings, representing a great variety of subjects more or less national, generally contemporary. Thus, in one of his most important pictures of the present Exposition, we have a scene from the period of the disastrous Turkish war of 1897, the interior of the inn kitchen, a young soldier nursing his wounded arm, and an old priest reading, to him and to two older men, the inglorious news from the front. The sentiment of the theme is very neatly conveyed, without declamation or exaggeration, and the innumerable details of the composition are all in their right places. This picture appeared in the old Salon in 1898. The monks of Mount Athos, modern church scenes, and the

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ever-picturesque Oriental Jews also furnish subjects for his talent,—two of each of the latter subjects to be seen here. In one, he has taken that familiar incident—to the painters at least—of the mourning at the foot of the wall of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem, which his master, Gérôme, painted, once for all, with a dramatic power of simplicity that none of the others have attained. The Greek artist varies the subject somewhat by making one of the pilgrims write his vow upon the ancient stones. The society picture, as it is understood in other countries, is also known in this contemporary art, being attempted by various painters,—Jacobides in Munich; Brounzos, pupil of Cabanel, at Meudon; Mlle. Flora, pupil of Jacobides, in Munich; Rizos, another pupil of Cabanel, in Paris, and others. The latter's *Athenian Evening* may be taken as a characteristic example,—a nice young officer reading, with appropriate gestures, to two sisters on a balcony or portico, the Acropolis and its rock rising against the sky in the distance. The views of Athens and its monuments are not rare; there are many portrait painters; about the same number of landscapists, and five or six, perhaps, who attempt the nude figure. Of the latter, the best example in the present display is the pastel of the artist's slender model, stretched at her full length, to be found in the international pavilion and painted by Paul Mathiopoulos, a native of Athens, and educated at Paris under Robert-Fleury and Jules Lefebvre. The *Odalisque*, also reclining luxuriously, of Epaminondas Thomopoulos of Patras, seems to lack distinctive character, and might be any other agreeable young person. Another painter who occupies himself with Turkish and other Oriental subjects is Syméon Sabbidès, of Munich; in the international pavilion may be found three canvases devoted to the fair ladies of the Ottoman Empire, of which the most interesting is the *Chékerdji*, or fortune-teller, plying her trade on the ground among the turbaned tombstones of a Constantinople cemetery.

In the Turkish section of the Grand Palais we find the works of no less than seven painters and an engraver, notwithstanding the law of the

Prophet against the representation of the human figure or of any other living creature. Of these eight artists, two or three were born in Paris, and nearly every one of them has received his art education in that city,—in the ateliers of Gérôme, J.-P. Laurens, Benjamin-Constant, Lefebvre, Courtois, Bouguereau, Gigoux, Tony Robert-Fleury, and Gabriel Ferrier. In Paris, indeed, there has been, of late years, an awakened interest in Mussulman art, perhaps partially stirred by the great importance attached to all the manifestations of that of Japan. It was recognized that the æsthetic principles of the former were in reality much more akin to those of our own than were those of the island empire; that they had long exercised a very considerable influence upon the Western arts, and had produced works in tissues, glassware, ceramics, miniatures, arms, etc., that were incomparable, while all the details of the history of their development and of the biographies of their artists were totally unknown. This interest was intensified rather than satisfied by the somewhat hasty and incomplete exposition of *l'art mussulman* opened in 1893, in the Palais de l'Industrie; the Société des Peintres Orientalistes conceived the project of establishing, in connection with their own exhibitions of paintings, contemporary or retrospective, a systematic series of small expositions, critically arranged, of these arts. In the Louvre, a small section devoted to them was created, largely supplied by the donations of various collectors, Madame la Marquise Arconati-Visconti, M. le Docteur Fouquet of Cairo, M. Delon de Gléon, and others. A section of Arab utensils and vessels in brass and copper was organized by M. P. Casanova, librarian of the Cabinet des Médailles, in 1895, in one of the exhibitions of the Society of Oriental Painters.

The restriction as to the representation of animal life in any form still regulates the designs for cotton fabrics and other woven stuffs prepared for the Turkish market; and the English manufacturers of Manchester claim to have made a special feature of thus catering to the tastes of various Oriental peoples whom they thus supply with wearing apparel.

It is recognized that the French designer is superior in the sphere of the best European taste, and that to some foreign countries, as the Argentine republic, only such goods as bear his imprint can be sent; but for furnishing the brilliant colors and grotesque designs in demand in the great markets of Turkey, Persia, China, Japan, etc., the English draftsman is thought to be superior, and the work of supplying these fresh patterns is nearly all done in and around Manchester by some forty or fifty artists of various ages and abilities. For the home trade, which does not represent more than ten per cent. of the whole, trained designers, regularly employed in the works, are retained, but for the foreign market it is

necessary to seek for special talents. Thus one man has a particular aptitude for pleasing the East Indians; another, the Persians; a third, the semi-savages of Africa, etc. India is the most important, commercially, of

these Oriental markets, and for this the designer's task is comparatively easy, the ancient native art giving him a multitude of good forms and fine combinations in color from which to choose. These are subject to slight modifications for different sections of the country, and are not inconsistent with peculiar modern additions,—as the introduction of the somewhat realistically treated figure of a native, repeated in a frieze or border around the central field of conventionalized floral or other decorative forms. This would be fatal for goods destined for Turkey or the Levant, for which, however, it appears, floral or geometrical designs no longer suffice,—it is necessary to introduce more modern symbols, and thus there may be seen on these goods a lighthouse, very much out of scale, rising from a conventional arrangement of flowers, and approached by a suspension bridge on which is running a train of cars drawn by a locomotive, while below floats a balloon and sails a boat,—lighthouse keeper, engineer and fireman, aëronauts and sailors, all conspicuous by their absence.

"The Turk," says Mr. H. O. Duyler, in the course of a recent article upon his artistic instincts, "is of the same stuff as his Western contemporaries. He loves beauty; he basks as in sunshine in its soothing presence. He loves the flowers, the trees, the rolling grassy sward, the cloud masses piled on the impenetrable blue. He loves the tumbling brook, the sweeping river, the tossing sea (when he is not on it), and the stern majesty of the mountains, which lift his soul in awe as they tower above his lowly dwelling. He loves beauty of form with that love which Islam has carved in stone upon impressive monuments, from Spain to Hindustan. He loves beauty of color, and knows many a subtle secret of its harmonies and its contrasts. Nevertheless, from a religious hatred of idolatry, he denies himself to this day the pleasure and the satisfaction of expressing his ideals of beauty upon canvas or with the chisel. Idolatry died a thousand years ago in all the centres of the Moslem power. Yet the Turk, to his own hurt, conscientiously

GYULA TORNAI

EUROPEAN BOOTY

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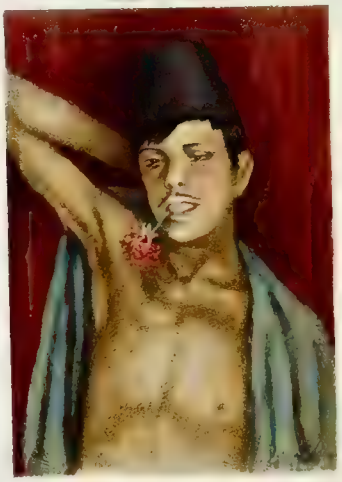
resists the impulse to reproduce the things in nature which move his soul. And he does this in the face of a growing knowledge that all the rest of the world is the better for cultivating this branch of the art of expression. Surely there is a heroism in the steadfastness of such self-denial, because of acceptance in the literal sense of the Divine command that men shall make no likeness of anything that is in the heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth!"

But, as we have seen, there are bold innovators who have adopted the practices of their neighbors in this respect, just as there are those who have done so concerning wine-drinking and other iniquities. Of the eight artists who exhibit in the Grand Palais, the etcher and engraver, Chahine, born at Constantinople, living both there and in Paris, and a pupil of Benjamin-Constant and J.-P. Laurens, is certainly one of the most interesting. His plates include both dry-points and etchings in black and in colors, those in color, particularly, displaying very considerable technical skill and right feeling. Also interesting are the pastels of Emilio Della Sudda, portraits and landscapes,—as *Kief*, a study of an *insouciant* nude young man with a fez and a cloak, "like a gardener's dog with a flower in his mouth." Also well worthy of consideration are the portraits and other heads of Sarkis Diranian and Madame de Loghadès, *née* Tchoumakoff,—witness the comely Circassian dancer of the former, veiled only in her long hair. Della Sudda and Diranian were born in Constantinople, and received their technical training in the ateliers of various Parisian masters; the lady was born in Paris, of Turkish parents, notwithstanding her apparently Russian patronymic.

A peculiar characteristic of Mussulman art, which the Turk has inherited with his Arabic alphabet, is the curious development of the guild of Calligraphers, a few of whose stalls may yet be seen in Constantinople. In these is still practised that art of ornamental script to which the Arab letters lend themselves so well, and which is regulated

by precise rules of proportion for the letters and for the relation between the length of their curves and the thickness of the lines which compose them, and for which there are regular canons of criticism. The names of the artists who have excelled in this species of illumination are preserved with the reverence which is accorded in western Europe to those of the great masters in painting and sculpture,—as that of Ibrahim Teknejizadè, who executed the names of God, of Mohammed, and of the early Caliphs, in letters of gold, on the immense green disks which decorate the mosque of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople.



THE ART OF JAPAN AND CHINA

In the Japanese section of the Grand Palais, which has for neighbor that of the United States, great importance has been given to the new art movement of the country which seeks to abandon the ancient national traditions and to imitate, as closely as possible, the aims and the technical processes of European sculpture and painting in oil. This movement is particularly noticeable among the painters, thus repeating, after the lapse of many centuries, and, it is to be feared, in an inverse and unfortunate direction, the early development of the national art, which was founded preëminently on painting. One of these galleries is given

up almost exclusively to these Europeanized painters; but fortunately there are numerous examples of the true art of the empire. M. Félix Regamey, the French artist, charged by the Ministère de l'Instruction publique with a mission to Tokio to examine the methods of artistic instruction, has reported in disfavor of these tendencies of the Japanese intellectual world to extol and to imitate European methods, not adapted to the temperament of the artists of Niphon. These tendencies have full sway in the Imperial schools, but the patriotic task of conserving and developing the ancient traditions has been taken up and intelligently prosecuted by the free school of the fine arts in that capital, so well represented at Chicago in 1893. In his visits to these educational establishments,—the normal school of Tokio, in which all classes are represented, from the infant classes up to the superior, and the school for young girls of the noble orders, unique in Japan, founded in 1886 by Marquis Ito at the desire of the Emperor,—M. Regamey states that he was advised that he would find more natural aptitude for the arts among the girls than among the boys; but that he thought he discovered the same division of talents among the sexes here that he had in Chicago and in Paris (and in which his observations have been confirmed by others), that the general average among the girls was higher, but that the highest talents, as the lowest, were always found among the little men. This unfortunate European interference, which has affected both painting—dating from the fifth century of the Christian era, according to the traditions, though the earliest known pictures are only of the commencement of the eighth—and engraving,—developed about the beginning of the seventeenth,—took place about the middle of the present century. Amateurs, artists, and connoisseurs, native and foreign, have alike had cause to deplore it.

If these clever islanders have not adopted the Western æsthetic ideals and methods with the same preëminent success with which they have appropriated some of the more material features of the newer

civilization, they have not, however, always failed, and there are a few canvases in these galleries in which the transferral has been completely made from the one to the other. Ikunosuké Shirataki, of Tokio, for example, has brought the old and the new together very successfully in his pleasant genre subject of some Japanese maids, in native costume, crouching on the matting of the floor to listen to a phonograph. The color in this is better than with most of these transformed painters, who fall into dull and slaty tones like any other amateurs. There are also some good landscapes by Hatirô Nagawa and Hiroshi Yoshida, both of Tokio; and the three life-size, serious studies of the nude, on backgrounds of gold, painted by Seiki Kuroda, of the same capital, have a curious naïveté of presentation in their semi-decorative arrangement. Of the truly national art, in which appear the wonderful dexterity of hand, the intimate sense of living things and of the subtle value of tones and qualities, there are a number of examples. Many of the most valuable are painted on silk, and the texture and color of the tissue are utilized with the skill which the world has so long admired. If it be a question of translating "the whole wide world is snow," as in the ballad transcribed by Sir Edwin Arnold, the application of another flat white upon the somewhat more creamy white of the silk and the skilful introduction of two or three half-smothered quails effect the wintry transformation as by a miracle. In the great field of the supernatural, in which to the terrors of the natural world are added those of the imagination, of numerous striking examples, one of the best is the Dragon and the Tiger menacing each other across a breaking surf, by Gaho Hashimoto, of Tokio. Here, the color floated over the pale silk gives a gloomy and threatening atmosphere from which it is very fit that there should emerge some species of terrible flying beast. "The imagination of the *monster*," says the *Journal* of the brothers De Goncourt, two of the most discriminating of the many admirers of Japanese art—as there are many who are not, "the imagination of the monster, of the animalism

of chimeras, the art of painting the terrors which approach men,—in the day-time as ferocity and as reptiles, in the night-time as disturbing apparitions,—the faculty of figuring and of incarnating these panics of the vision and of illusion in the forms and with the constructions of beings with members, with articulations, almost viable,—this is the genius of Japan. Japan has created and vivified Hallucination and the mediæval *Bestiares*. . . . There, the monster is everywhere,—it furnishes the ornamentation and almost the furniture of the household. For this world of pale women with anointed eyelids, the monster is the usual image, familiar, beloved, almost caressing, taking the place of our art statuette upon the mantel-piece;—and who knows if this artistic people do not find in it their ideal?"

In their rendering of the commonplace and the tangible, this familiarity with the unseen makes more facile the perception of the spirit, the *geist*, that haunts and inhabits even the most tangible and usual of workaday objects. There is a large painting on silk, for example, of the temple of Asakusa, by Guekko Taï of Tokio, in which the precise drawing of an architect's "elevation" is happily married to a cheerful decorative arrangement and a touch of mystery that a Western artist would find it very difficult to see in conjunction therewith. Needless to say that there is no good art which fails to take cognizance of the spirit as well as the matter. The sculpture of this display is as full in its way as the painting, and the visitor may spend hours over these cases crowded with carvings in ivory, in wood, figures in bronze and in various metals. His attention will probably be first attracted to the life-size statue of an old peasant leaning on his hoe, in wood, by Reioun Arakawa, of Matsué,—admirable in its rendering of life and action and in the spirit and character of the wrinkled, animated countenance. An almost equal animation pervades the very different *Antique Dancer*, in metal, of Shômin Ounno, professor of the School of Fine Arts of Tokio, notwithstanding the multitude of detail of the costume and the beauty of the chiselling and enamelling

SEIKI KURODA

STUDIES OF WOMEN

FACSIMILE WATER-COLOR

STUDIES OF WOMEN

which necessarily tend to distract the spectator's attention to the detail. In the execution of this, as the artist explains, the figure was wrought out of a block of silver and copper, "of Shakudô and of Shibuichi," carefully chiselled; the designs on the costume are furnished by incrustation, and the different portions of the figure and costume brought together and united by means of invisible screws. The costume is most complex and ornate, the dancer is completely armed, wearing a wonderful half-suit of armor, a very sumptuous helmet with widely flaring borders, carrying his sabre in his hand and his quiver at his back, and with his long mantle trailing behind him as he advances his right foot in the step of the dance. Twenty persons assisted in the production of this stauette, says M. Ounno, and two years were required to complete it: "because of the mountings of Japanese sabres, the art of the chaser in metals attained amongst us a very high degree of perfection; it reached its climax at the epoch of Tokugawa. Nevertheless, when, at the period of the restoration of the Meiji, the wearing of swords was forbidden, this art fell into a decline. But, changing their field, the chasers then applied themselves to ornamenting other objects."

With regard to the dance itself, he adds: "The Bugaku has been held in honor at the Imperial court since the most ancient times; it is the noblest and at the same time the most refined of Japanese dances. It is still practised to-day in the department of Music of the Bureau of Ceremonies of the Imperial Household. Of this Bugaku, which includes a certain number of figures, there is the Taïheiraku, invented A.D. 857, on the model of the Taïheiraku of the dynasty of the Thang. It is a dance which celebrates the restoration of a general peace. It is executed by four men, named Ichirô, Jirô, Shaburô, and Shirô, all wearing the same costume and making the same gestures. This statuette represents Ichirô executing a step. Before undertaking this work, I procured my information from the artistes of the department of Music; I have thus been able to reproduce with the most minute exactness the attitude, the costume,

and the features of the dancer." This curious and handsome work is one of the most important of a number in which, however foreign to our Western knowledge the name of the sculptor or the history of his theme, the artistic quality and the spirit of life are recognizable and cosmopolitan.

The art of China, from which that of Japan drew its first inspiration, as that of Greece did from the still more ancient art of Egypt and Asia Minor, is represented in the Exposition in the four Chinese pavilions on the Trocadéro, adjoining the buildings of Asiatic Russia. The largest of these is said to be a faithful reproduction of one of the gates of Pekin, surmounted by a little Imperial kiosque known as the Palace of Drums; the next in importance reproduces another of the Imperial pavilions situated within the enclosure of what was, alas! the Forbidden City. The little shops which surround these larger buildings are copies of those of Canton and Pekin. The entrance to this Chinese section is through a majestic portal in red, green, yellow, and black, the celebrated gate of Peï-Ho, the gate of Kong-Fou-Tseu,—so faithful a reproduction of the original that the labor of a year was required to complete it. Indeed, the conscientious exactitude with which the architecture, the color, the general atmosphere and even the costumes of the inmates of this section have been reproduced by the architect in charge has not been exceeded anywhere. The pavilions, or palaces, contain a well selected, though not very extensive, display of the arts, modern and retrospective, of the Empire, the silks, the porcelains, the vases, the gods, and even the industrial products. Still another of the arts in which this patient people excel, that of fire-works and illuminations, was brilliantly displayed on the occasion of the inauguration of this national section in the latter part of May. When the invited guests had assembled, the usual lights were extinguished and the very varied lanterns replaced them,—over the roofs, under the ceilings, under the eaves, in the trees, and in the shape of flowers, dragons and other truly Chinese animals. To this illumination

succeeded that of the fire-works,—worthy of the discoverers of gunpowder. If still another art, that of music, was not also presented according to strictly national methods, it was possibly because of deference to the untrained ears of the Western guests.

On the other, or western slope of the Trocadéro hill, is the department of Indo-China and the Cambodgian theatre,—palaces, pavilions, pagodas, and dwelling-houses of Tonkin, Cambodge, and Laotia, temples, monumental archways, statues of Brahma with four heads, mysterious figures with animal heads, some of them so ancient that they date from before the age of inscriptions, a wonderful exhibit of the architecture and sculpture of these countries. The great Pagoda of the Buddhas is reached by an almost perpendicular stairway of stone; and beneath it is a vast subterranean hall of Khmer architecture, crowded with fragments of Khmer sculpture from the ancient temples of Aug-Kor-Thom, Aug-Kor-Vat, and others.

Equally wonderful and imposing is the reproduction of the architecture and sculpture of the Dutch East Indies, just below the buildings of Asiatic Russia,—the temple of Chaudri-Sari in Java, its terrace guarded by seated statues of Buddha, and its interior walls reproducing the ornamentation of the temples of Bourouboudour, of Prembanam and of Chaudri-Seivoie,—somewhat too fresh-looking, but very mysterious. As to the Egyptian section, near the entrance from the Avenue d'Iéna, the ancient glories—the reproductions of the façade of the temple of Dandour, of the temple of Philæ, of details from those of Abydos and of Karnak—are not entirely eclipsed by the attractions of the bazaars and cafés and the too famous *danses orientales* to which it owes its popular favor.

The East Indian section is chiefly represented in the department of the Colonies Anglaises, near the Quai Debilly, still on the Trocadéro, but the tea-houses and the collection of uniforms of the Anglo-Indian army are much more in evidence than any organized exposition of the painting and sculpture, ancient and modern, of the Empire. Nevertheless, there

is a Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art,—native industrial and all,—which was founded some five or six years ago, largely through the fear that overproduction might here, as in modern Japan, lead to commercialism and to imitation of the European. The chief object of the society is to foster native talent, and to encourage the artisans to adhere to the methods in which they have been trained, and thereby retain the characteristics of their several handicrafts: such as the brass-work, so justly celebrated and so appreciated by visitors here as in other international expositions. The society has even a monthly publication, the *Indian Magazine and Review*.

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